The Pulpit

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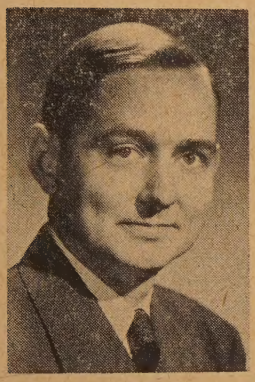
A Journal of Contemporary Preaching



Harold L. Lunger

Earthquake In the Morning

Henry Kuizenga	•	Triumph with Tears
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Johnstone G. Patrick	•	The Easter Hope
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ANDOLPH CRUMP MILLER • ANXIETY AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

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Pulpit Patter

Whether it is carelessness or cowardice on my part I hesitate to say, but the fact is that announcement of Morton Enslin's decision to give up his monthly column is over-due. As letters from horrified subscribers suggest, and as nervous editors long knew it would, Dr. Enslin's absence from his page leaves an echoing void back there. Has there ever been another columnist so ready or so able to speak his mind? Has ever so much fur flown around any other column? Have ever spades been so clearly, pungently, forcefully called spades? This was baptized iconoclasm but iconoclasm it was. And since every icon has its devotees and its defenders, no iconoclasm is generally comfortable. The editors know! Dr. Enslin's needling and singeing will be missed by many. All who have been illumined or provoked by it will hope, as we do, that there will be at least occasional shafts and sparks from Dr. Enslin in future issues. Meanwhile his friends and admirers would do well to get acquainted with Morton Enslin, the distinguished New Testament scholar, in his recently reissued *magnum opus* (printed in the Harper Torchlight series as *Christian Beginnings* $1.25, and *Literature of the Christian Worla* $1.50 (still as solid and authoritative a study as on its first appearance). In our deprivation we must be grateful for small favors. There is nothing small about these books but their price.

T. A. G.

The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

'OLUME XXVIII APRIL 1957 No. 4

Memo:

HAVING a musical model would help many a sermon, but not just any model will do. What mistake, for instance, when a romanza, or a fantasia or capriccio sets the style. Haven't you ever eard a fantasy preached; haven't you ever been guilty of a sermonic caprice? These are the sermons that try mightily to be lighter than the usual fare, but usually urn out to be labored. A studiedly non-formal tructural principle means far more than the text loes to the romance preacher. You whip up a monoogue maybe, standing in your pulpit for twenty-five ninutes making like Amos or Mark or who knows vhom, musing, meandering, remembering, reflecting n the first person singular a la the biblical passage tarred that morning. This is richly satisfying to he subcutaneous ham in us all; it fascinates the ongregation who thinks such high art makes you he greatest. The congregation won't forget, either —oh the point of the monologue may shortly escape hem but not the performance or the gimmick.

But monologues aren't the only sermons in the omance category. There is an increasing caprice vhich throws a manuscript into short verse-like nes that then stagger down the page like an e.e. ummings poem. Only it isn't usually verse—just erse-like. There is no rhythm, no rhyme, and freuently no reason to justify the wobbling text. The big impulse for this kind of fantasy came with he posthumous publication of the book of serions preached by the late Peter Marshall. Mrs. Marshall apparently released the sermon notes for *Mr. Jones Meets the Master* as Dr. Marshall left hem, broken up in the way most useful to him in is pulpit. What is taken too often now as a new terary or homiletical design was in fact one man's ough outlining technique, a practical devise for harting his own vocal emphases. It betrays many owadays who accept it as a new art form. They now they aren't really working in poetry, *but*—he short lines tempt them to invert word orders ow and then, to blow up an occasional purple torm, to let ideas every so often sigh away into a ow of dots. Experimentation is always in order but ever at the expense of seriousness or significance. The marvel in preaching must be in the meaning nore than in the manner. Caprices must be used ith care; anyone of them could so easily become burlesque.

Need one caution against the barcarolle, nocurne or lullaby sermon? Goodness knows it is hard o keep any kind of sermon from collapsing into this category. But to start out with the nocturne as a model is fatal to the sermonic intent. Yet every man who sets himself to write a deliberately "pastoral" sermon runs the risk of turning out a lullaby. This is a special peril today when powerful pulpit practitioners have made such a good thing of their lullaby sermons and such a popular thing of their lullaby theologies. Patting, placating, pacifying, they bemuse whole congregations. If such preachers put rockers on the pews and set their sermons to the tune of "Rock-A-Bye-Baby" they couldn't come closer than they do to lulling Christians asleep to the critical, dynamic realities of the faith. The pastorale has its place in all preaching, but let it always be paired with a scherzo marked *energetico*.

But what about a useful model? What has music to offer of positive suggestion? For me there are the fugue and the sonata-form, and I would swear by either or both whether I were writing, preaching, listening to, reading or editing sermons. If my emphasis seems excessive—and it wouldn't be the first time!—it is because it seems to me that too much of today's preaching misapplies the sacrosanct old three-point principle. Sermons fall apart. Each of the points stands too separately, too independently. The composition turns into a suite, considered one piece because it is performed as such, but with its parts as disparate as a waltz, a march and a gigue.

The fugue, as I understand it, is a contrapuntal development of a theme (a fugue can have more than one theme I know, but not the kind I'm thinking of). Wondrous things happen to that theme as it amplifies and augments itself all up and down the scale. It repeats itself, it runs alongside itself, it interrupts itself but always and indubitably it is one theme. That is not a bad scheme for a good sermon. Let there be three points or even four if you will, but let them always and indubitably be statements of the one theme—a different pitch, a different placement, but the same theme. This is harder than it sounds but it gives a sermon integrity and memorability. The temptation always is to wrench sermons around so that you can get in the fine bit you read in a new book this week, the good story you heard Friday night. The fugal pattern permits no such potpourri. Not your desires but the sermon's requirements, these decide the points and determine their development. Watch out, though! Doctors speak of a fugue too, but it is "a prolonged pathological condition characterized by wandering of which the patient is not afterwards conscious."

T. A. G.

Applying Psychiatric Insights
To the Church's Ministry

ANXIETY AND CHRISTIAN

Do not be anxious about your life . . . But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well. Matthew 6: 25a, 33.

CHRISTIAN education for children and adults can help us to overcome anxiety. If the goal of Christian maturity includes Jesus' admonition, "Be not anxious," we need to look at what goes on in our parishes and see whether it helps us.

If we understand the basic place of anxiety in the learning process, we may be able to take steps to help ourselves and others to achieve a higher degree of nonanxious maturity.

We mean by anxiety a helpless feeling of dread for which there is no clear object. It arises from the experience of insecurity in our relations with others. It is accompanied by an uncanny feeling of horror or dread. It gets in the way of the actions which satisfy our needs. It destroys our foresight and replaces it with anticipation of the worst consequences.

I

We all have some degree of anxiety. Usually it is mild, as in wringing our hands. Sometimes it becomes strong enough to cause us to seem indifferent, as among teen-agers who act as if they don't care. Often it leads us to disparage anything or anybody worth-while.

Anxiety is decidedly unpleasant, and a great deal of learning is the result of our not wanting to be anxious. The trouble is, in the words of Harry Stack Sullivan, "Circumstances conducive to anxiety cannot be removed, nor destroyed, nor escaped."

We learn to choose between increasing and decreasing anxiety. A child learns how not to annoy mother. We find ways of satisfying our needs at least partially, just to avoid arousing anxiety. Anxiety is so unpleasant that we will forego even food if necessary.

Anxiety is caused in children primarily by exposure to others who are anxious. But there is a deeper anxiety that stands behind all anxiety. It is a real threat, and we can do nothing about it.

Religious anxiety arises when I realize that I ca become nothing. Not the threat to my security bu that to my existence is the source of religiou anxiety. This begins as early as the age of six, whe the child knows that someday he will die.

Many people do not see their anxiety as funda mentally religious. They see it as due to childhoo conditioning, poor environment, evil companion the pressures of competition, the danger of war an the complexity of daily living. They try to ove come their anxiety by dealing with the secondar causes, because they do not see the primary caus Even the nonreligious person has anxiety that religious at its source.

Christianity has an answer to this fundament anxiety that underlies all anxiety. Because God my Creator and I am his creature, I know that cannot control my future by myself. I know tha all men, relying on all their creaturely resource cannot guarantee my security or existence. But have faith and hope that God can do what me cannot do. He is the Creator and the universe is hi

"Have no anxiety about anything," said Pau "but in everything by prayer and supplication wit thanksgiving let your requests be made known God." (Philippians 4:6) "Cast all your anxieties o him, for he cares about you." (I Peter 5:7)

This goal is described in the letter to the Ephe ians as "reaching maturity, reaching the full mea ure of development which belongs to the fullne of Christ, instead of remaining immature, blow from our course by every passing wind of doctrin by the adroitness of men who are dexterous in d vising error; we are to hold by the truth, and by o love to grow up wholly unto him." (Ephesia 4:13b-15, Moffat)

II

Do you see anything in the Christian home, the church school, in the educational activities the parish, that will help children and adults ove come their anxiety, so that by God's grace they ma achieve Christian maturity?

We know that anxiety is induced in the infant the mother is anxious about anything at all. Th child needs tenderness, contact, food, warmth an cleanliness. But if he is met with anxiety, it b comes so unpleasant that he reacts against it. Wh

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RANDOLPH CRUMP MILLER, *professor of Christian education at Yale Divinity School, in February used this address as a sermon in Christ Church, Cincinnati, and as one of a series of lectures at Green Lake, Wisconsin. Some of the material appears in* Be Not Anxious *(Seabury Press), published as this issue of The Pulpit goes to press.*

By Randolph Crump Miller

EDUCATION

read, horror and even terror come into the picture, e would prefer not to eat.

As he gets older, the child learns how to avoid nxiety; but he does so at the expense of nutrition, f character, and of companionship. He soon learns ne art of concealment, of acting a role, and of ypocrisy.

The school child becomes part of a larger world, ut he takes his past into it. Here is his opportuity to become a social being; and his failure in ompetition in school and with his playmates may ead to ostracism. This only increases his anxiety, nd he learns to disparage those who are beginning o mature.

Between eight and eleven, he is ready for the xperience of having a chum, if he is not severely nxious. This experience may help him to overcome he effects of his previous experiences if they have een unfortunate. If he has an intimate relationhip with a playmate, he may become ready for nembership in the gangs that form. But if he does ot move into the chum and gang relationships, he ecomes miserably lonely, and loneliness is worse han anxiety.

There is still hope, for in adolescence he may till learn to stand on his own feet, and through onversion of some kind become a whole person. But if his previous experience is shot through with nxiety, the chances of genuine conversion become ess and less.

III

This brief summary of the processes by which nxiety develops points to it as terribly unpleasant nd unmanageable by the individual. But it also ndicates what the church can do to help individals avoid or overcome anxiety.

From birth to death, we in the church are dealng with people who suffer from various degrees of nxiety. They cannot, by their own power, achieve hat goal of the Master when he said, "Be not nxious," for anxiety is not specific or manageable.

This is the reason for the current emphasis in Christian education on *acceptance*, which is one spect of love. If one way of learning is coming to erms with anxiety, we can help children and adults y our own Christian faith, by which God enables s to accept them as they are.

This means an educational program to help parents, even before they have become parents. Our concern is not to replace the doctor or the psychiatrist, but to provide mature Christian understanding and power for parents and their children. Parents need help to develop and communicate the love they have for their children.

Teachers also have problems with acceptance. The chief solution is not in mastering the techniques of teaching, which are really very simple, but in finding transformed persons to be teachers. There has to be *a gospel to communicate* before we can worry much about methods of communication.

Members of the congregation provide the quality of life in which parents, teachers and children are nurtured. When pupils of any age feel threatened, insecure and anxious, they are in no condition to hear the gospel. They can repeat the words, perhaps, but they cannot learn what Jesus meant when he said, "Be not anxious."

Knowing the facts is not sufficient. Belief in God is not enough. "You believe that God is one; you do well. Even the demons believe—and shudder," (James 2:19) We are not saved by what we believe or by what we know or by what we do. We are saved by faith; and faith is a commitment of the total self, a joyous giving of the self in trust to the living God, an entering into a new and transformed relationship with a God of grace. It is also commitment on our parts of all whom we love to God's care, knowing that he is doing for them more than we can desire or pray for.

Our ministry to learners of all ages *begins with acceptance*. It is only part of the picture, just as the gospel involves more than the overcoming of anxiety. But as parents, as teachers, as member of the congregation, as continuing learners of the saving truths of God, we need to grasp this acceptance as the beginning of Christian faith. In the words of Paul Tillich, genuine Christian faith begins with the realization that "you are accepted, accepted by that which is greater than you, and the name of which you do not know. Do not ask the name now: perhaps you will find it later. Do not try to do anything now: perhaps later you will do much. Do not seek for anything; do not perform anything. Simply accept the fact that you are accepted. This is the experience of grace. Everything is transformed. We are able to hear him as by grace we accept others,

(Continued on page 18)

World-Changing Shock Felt Across the Centuries

Earthquake In the Morning

By Harold L. Lunger

Now after the sabbath, toward the dawn of the first day of the week . . . there was a great earthquake. Matthew 28:1-2.

ONE morning shortly before Easter 1953, on the gray-green desert at Yucca Flat, Nevada, a blast occurred which, by the magic of radio, was heard in many homes across America. Promptly at 5:20 in the predawn darkness, observers at a safe distance stared at nothing through heavy protective goggles and listened to the ominous "count down" as a voice on the loudspeaker chanted: "Zero minus five . . . zero minus four . . . zero minus three . . . zero minus two . . . zero minus one . . . zero!"

At that moment there was a searing flash of light, and a dirty orange fireball rose lazily over the desert. Almost a half minute later the shock wave itself roared past the observers—a violent bang and a rush of air against their tense faces. It was a man-made explosion of earthquake proportions designed to test and measure the atomic bomb's power to destroy houses, automobiles and simulated human occupants.

I

Some nineteen hundred years ago in the predawn of a Sunday morning in a garden outside Jerusalem there was another and different kind of earthquake which demonstrated God's saving power. The repercussions of that explosion not only reverberated around the world but are heard today across the centuries.

Just as careful and extensive preparations were made for the demonstration of the demonic power of the atomic bomb in Nevada, so extensive preparations had been made for this demonstration of divine power outside Jerusalem To go no further back than some thirty years before, an obscure woman gave birth to a child whom she laid in a manger. During his childhood in Nazareth this la "increased in wisdom and in stature, and in fav with God and man." (Luke 2:52.)

In the vigor of young manhood he yielded himse in baptism at the hands of John the Baptist. Fro that time on he gave himself as a messenger of A mighty God, teaching and demonstrating the righ eousness and love of the heavenly Father. He mad many friends. But as with all real prophets, he mad enemies too. Because he upset their neat little sy tems of thought, disturbed their complacent mind and consciences, and threatened to upset the estab lished order of things in business, state and syna gogue, they joined together to put him to death

It was Friday when they crucified him and we on toward sundown when he died. Since it woul have been a sacrilege for his body to remain u buried past the sunset which marked the beginnin of the sabbath, one of his friends got permission t take down the body and hurriedly laid it away i his own tomb until the sabbath was past. All th and more had been done in preparation for th soul-shaking event of that Easter morning.

There were no bleachers in the garden filled wit reporters and observers. There was no voice "coun ing down" the seconds over a loudspeaker. The were no radio microphones to send the blast an the news about it to the world. There were just th ghosts of trees and shrubs against the first flush pink in the eastern sky, and a silence broken occ sionally by a bird waking and beginning to sing i the branches overhead. A couple of guards doze near the tomb, as two sorrowing women made the way cautiously through the darkness.

Matthew emphasizes the *predawn* aspect of th great event. "Now after the sabbath, toward th dawn of the first day of the week," he begin (Matthew 28:1.) How meaningful—in the light the sequel—is that phrase "toward the dawn"! N "before dawn"—that would be too static! "Towar the dawn" suggests movement, the anticipation world-shaking events about to transpire.

The women apparently were not expecting an thing unusual. Matthew says specifically, the "went to see the sepulchre." They had no high hopes than merely to see the place where lay th dead body of their late friend and master!

But then it happened—an explosion that mak the biggest H-bomb sound like a firecracker. Can the news that Christ had risen! "And behold, the was a great earthquake," Matthew says. The sto was rolled away from the mouth of the tomb, a a voice said, "Do not be afraid; for I know that yo seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; f he has risen, as he said." (Matthew 28:2, 5-6.)

Whether there was an actual earthquake th morning that would have registered on a seism graph, we will never know. The oriental mind given to expressing profound truths in figurati and poetic language. But there was a quake neve theless that shook the minds and souls not just those women and early disciples but of all mankin "Christ is risen!" This fact changed the contour life for all with eyes to see.

The earthquake of that Easter morning shatter

HAROLD L. LUNGER *is professor of Christian ethics at Brite College of the Bible, Texas Christian University, and an associate editor of The Pulpit. This sermon will appear as one chapter in his new book,* Finding Holy Ground, *which is being published this month by Bethany Press. Before joining the Brite faculty last fall, Dr. Lunger for a quarter century served Christian churches in Akron, Ohio, Oak Park, Illinois, and Tucson, Arizona.*

d concepts of power. Or did it? That serious-inded men in the year of 1953 should have bowed own in the desert to do homage to old gods in new ise must give us pause! Not preponderance of ilitary might—whether of the sword or atom mb—is the ultimate power for man's salvation, it soul force, the love which gives and forgives id is ready to sacrifice itself upon a cross.

A professor at Rutgers University has said that ere is more energy in fifteen days of sunshine than all the world's coal deposits. There is more energy fifteen men living in the spirit of Jesus Christ than all the world's deposits of uranium!

Finally that predawn earthquake on Easter orning destroyed the power of death, bringing life id immortality to light. A little child asked, What is behind the sunset?" That is the ultimate uestion of life. What is behind the sunset of death?

Man cannot escape the surmise that beyond the nset is God and life eternal. Primitive man, with is naïve world view, nevertheless was confident at the human spirit survives after death. Modern phisticates may not be so sure, but in their more oughtful moments they too have their strong in-mations of immortality and "know" down in their earts that there is something about man that can-ot be extinguished by death.

II

What everybody "feels in his bones" in a vague rt of way, Easter confirms as a fact. Writing to e Corinthians, the Apostle Paul deals movingly ith the theme of the resurrection. He begins by counting the story of the resurrection of Jesus, id his appearances to the women, to the disciples, id finally to him also. Then he goes on to say, Now if Christ is preached as raised from the dead, ow can some of you say that there is no resur-ction of the dead? . . . But in fact Christ has been ised from the dead, the first fruits of those who ave fallen asleep." (1 Corinthians 15:12, 20.) hen he moves on to that mighty climax in the osing verses of the chapter,

> "Death is swallowed up in victory."
> "O death, where is thy victory?
> Oh death, where is thy sting?"
> . . . thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Corinthians 15:54-57.)

So it was that after the sabbath, toward the awn of the first day of the week, there was a great rthquake. And a voice said, "Do not be afraid . . for he has risen as he said . . . and behold, he going before you." (Matthew 28:5-7.) As a result this transcendent earthquake experience men and omen through the ages have been shaken out of eir gloom and given great joy. The church was rn and has become the fountainhead of many essings that have enriched men's lives. New con-pts and sources of power have been revealed—wer that is ultimate and redemptive. And men ve a new and glorious hope of immortality.

Such are the results of that predawn earthquake a garden outside Jerusalem.

To begin with, that earthquake experience shook en out of their gloom and brought them new and irrepressible joy. It was so with the women. They came to the tomb with heavy hearts. But Matthew says "they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy." (Matthew 28:8.) Halford Luccock says that the finest picture ever painted of the Easter event is not of the empty tomb or of the risen Christ. Rather it is the picture of Peter and John running away from the tomb, on their faces the light of the amazing good news—too good to be kept, news that must be shared.

After the events of Friday, women and disciples alike apparently concluded that it had all been a bad dream. They had hoped it was he who was to redeem Israel. But their hopes had proved groundless. Now it was all over! They must go back to their fishing nets, their water jars and their cooking pots. This was their mood before that earthquake in the morning.

But now their gloom was shattered and in its place was a great joy. He lives! God is not defeated! In place of the dirge in their hearts an alleluia burst from their lips. A poet has put the Easter gospel in these words:

> Winter's strong bonds are loosed,
> Spring comes to earth again.
> Sorrow has fled the world,
> Joy calls to hopeless men:
> "Leave time's sepulchral tomb;
> Christ, risen, lights the gloom."
>
> Night rules the earth no more;
> Lo! in the East, the Sun!
> Grief is an old, spent tale;
> Death and defeat are done.
> When Christ walked forth, at morn,
> New hope and life were born.
>
> Earth, which was bleak and gray,
> Catches the heavenly light.
> God's breath blows o'er a world
> Stricken by hate and blight.
> Lift up your hearts, all men—
> Easter is here again.*

The earthquake of that first Easter morning shook the followers of Jesus out of their gloom and gave them instead great joy and a glorious hope.

It also burst the bonds of old religious customs and institutions, giving birth to the Christian church. For centuries loyal Jews had kept the seventh day holy unto the Lord. But after the earthquake of Easter morning, those who had known Jesus, or came to know him as Lord, kept not Saturday but Sunday as their holy day. It takes something tremendous to shake people out of well-worn, hallowed customs and set them going in new paths.

The disciples themselves were just a fellowship of *followers* before the resurrection—"uneducated, common men" (Acts 4:13), weak and unreliable in their own faith, not the kind of men who would be likely to lead a revolution and tip the scales of the future. Yet after the earthquake in the garden they were transformed men, dynamic leaders, as latent spiritual energies were released, and they became

(Continued on page 18)

*"Easter," by Thomas Curtis Clark, from *The Christian-Evangelist*, April 3, 1941.

A Sermon for Palm Sunday

Triumph with Tears

By Henry Kuizenga

Luke 19:41, 42.

THIS year as I read the story of Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, my eyes and my mind came to an abrupt halt when I reached the point where Luke's Gospel reads, "And when he drew near and saw the city he wept over it, saying, 'Would that even today you knew the things that make for peace!' "

I

Jesus, you will remember, arranged this march with the calm deliberation of a man who knows his destiny. He hired a donkey for the last lap of his long trek from Galilee to Jerusalem. He hired the donkey to fulfill the prophecy which Zechariah made about the coming Messiah: "Lo, your king comes to you;/ triumphant and victorious is he,/ humble and riding on an ass." Perhaps you have read the lines by G. K. Chesterton in his poem "The Donkey":

> The tattered outlaw of the earth,
> Of ancient crooked will
> Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb
> I keep my secret still.
>
> Fools! For I also had my hour:
> One far fierce hour and sweet
> There was a shout about my ears
> And palms before my feet.[1]

A king upon his horse is a warlike figure, but Jesus on his donkey is the Prince of Peace.

Jesus on the donkey, with his disciples and the other people who have followed him all the way from Galilee, is now approaching Jerusalem from Bethany. Meanwhile, among the throngs of peasant-pilgrims from Galilee who have already arrived in Jerusalem for the passover feast, the word has spread on the wings of the excitement which is never absent from festal gatherings, that the great prophet whom they of Galilee all know is approaching the city. The crowds surge through the gates of Jerusalem to greet Jesus. The two streams of people meet, the one from Bethany, the other from the city. The pilgrims from Jerusalem cut down branches to lay in Jesus' path. Others fling down their garments. The enthusiasm soon kindles the hearts of those from Bethany. Amid palm-waving and dancing, they all sing out, "Blessed be the King who comes in the name of the Lord!" and "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

> The long procession, first the multitude from Jerusalem then the followers from Bethany, sweeps up and over the ridge where begins the descent of the Mount of Olives toward Jerusalem. At this point the pilgrims catch the first view of the southeastern corner of the city. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is lost behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments later, the path mounts again, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view.[2]

Then the procession stops. The palm branches flutter once more and are still. The songs fade, the shouts die away and the last hosanna reverberates from the neighboring hills. Those who have been marching ahead of Jesus turn to see what has so abruptly broken the merriment. Their ears adjust to the stillness after the cheering. Then, according to Luke's account, they hear the strangely different sound of weeping. As they press closer to Jesus and crane their necks they see him on his donkey, the King and hero of the triumphal march, weeping with deep lamentation, or as we would say today "crying as though his heart would break."

Scholars tell us that some of this passage may be oriental editorializing, that Jesus perhaps did not actually burst into loud tears as he gained that promontory overlooking the city. It rather offends against the picture of Jesus we get from the rest of the Gospel story to believe that he would have broken into sobs that way before all those people. It's not like him. Yet who can doubt that as Jesus caught his last view of Jerusalem before his crucifixion, he paused there on the hilltop; that all the multitude paused with him; that their waving and shouting ceased while in silence they all gazed enchanted at the city, lovely in the distance? Who can doubt that as they stood there, someone glancing at the Master saw in his clear eyes the quiet tears and on his face the passionate foreboding of deep tragedy?

II

This year on Palm Sunday we shall go no farther on this march, but pause with the crowd to see what Jesus is crying about. What have tears to do with Jesus' triumph? Why does Jesus weep on Palm Sunday? It is fairly clear from Luke's account that Jesus' heart is heavy because he knows that the

[1] From the book, *The Wild Knight and Other Poems*, by G. K. Chesterton. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Used by permission.

[2] Alfred Edersheim, *Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah, II*, pp. 367-(New York: Longmans, Green, 1904).

ty, so lovely there in the distance, is shrouded ith an invisible cloud which, even with all His evotion and honest obedience, the sunshine of od's love has not been able wholly to pierce. The eople of Jerusalem, of Tokyo, London, New York, etroit, Ann Arbor are so preoccupied that they annot know and practice the things which in Jesus' pinion make for peace. This is the cause for Jesus' eep concern and distress.

But the real meaning of Palm Sunday is that esus' distress does not issue in despair. This is o sentimental, maudlin, Neronic scene here on the illtop. Jesus is to ride on down to Jerusalem to ffer those people the salvation of God again, to ace their indifference and to present in his person he things that make for peace. The real meaning f Palm Sunday is to know that, from Jesus' point f view, *now* is always the important time; *now* is lways exactly the time in which to obey God; oday is *the* day in which to be God's Son; the mmediate present is the moment in which to leave o doubt about what he plans to do and who he lans to be.

It is with this deliberate purpose that Jesus ounts the donkey to present himself unmistakbly, with his record of teaching and healing, as he Prince of Peace, according to Zechariah's rophecy. Will his own people not recognize him ow? Will the pieces of his career not come together n their minds to make the picture the prophets nd he have openly portrayed before their eyes?

With Jesus, today is also always the time for us o acknowledge him; today is always the time to ee what belongs to our peace. Now is always *the* me to learn who he is. As the writer of the New 'estament book of the Hebrews says, quoting an ld Testament Psalm, "Today when you hear his oice, do not harden your hearts." This same note f the eternal urgency of the present moment is in esus' plea there on the hill overlooking the city, Would that even today you knew . . ." Or as the ing James version has it, "If thou hadst known . . at least in this thy day."

The peculiar thrust of Jesus' Palm Sunday arch is connected with the fact that you and I do ot seize upon the present moment to recognize ne significance of what Jesus was up to, of the ork he was finishing, his faithfulness, his victory. is not so much that we and the people of Jerulem do not sympathize with Christ's cause as it that we do not believe it would be worth-while to and with Christ today. We know what is right, ut we do not believe it would help to identify ghtness with Jesus' call to immediate discipleship. his is the tragedy of Palm Sunday. It is not that esus on that Palm Sunday morning any longer opes to escape the cross.

Even if the disciples and all the good decent folks Jerusalem had stood with him that week, he would have hanged just the same. Hanging is the least of his worries this morning. He is going through with it anyway. But that the disciples do not believe it worth-while to stick with Jesus now; that the good people of Jerusalem do not see in him the presence of God in their lives; and that, they do not, forsaking all else, acclaim him this week by active allegiance and positive loyalty—this is the tragedy of Palm Sunday. That Jesus makes the difference between forever dreaming of righteousness and believing that righteousness is something real; that Jesus makes the difference between pretending that everything is nice and pleasant when you know that it is not, and working with Jesus on the road because you believe that with him they can be; that Jesus makes the difference between wanting to believe in God and believing in God—these are the reasons for his Palm Sunday march and the burden of his lament: "Would that even today you knew the things that make for peace!"

III

No doubt Jerusalem was full of bustling, efficient people and wise supervisory people who knew an awful lot about life and had weathered many a debate and struggle; people who had their own carefully worked-out philosophies of life; who knew both the law of the Hebrews and the law of the Romans, and who had spent their lives trying to get those two law-machines to mesh together without too much scraping of the gears. No doubt everybody in Jerusalem that week was busy minding his own business. No doubt everybody was dreadfully preoccupied too; everybody was a little jaded and tired, a mite hard-bitten and perhaps somewhat cynical about God, truth, honesty and love. No doubt everybody believed these were mighty fine things. But I'll bet there were many fine families in Jerusalem, busy that week with being fine families, who never heard about the crucifixion on Friday until the news of it came over the radio the next morning at breakfast.

That's the way it is with folks, isn't it? We are so full of good ideas and plans. And we are so much abreast of the times, so educated and intelligent and realistic in our views. We can discuss national and world affairs with such competence, and we have such distinctive ideas about religion, too. Each of us is so adequate, so well integrated, so balanced, so reasonable. But we always manage with an agile wit and a ready wisdom, in all our rightness, to remain just a step removed from actually taking the responsible action which the present moment requires.

To save ourselves from having to act, we point at the imperfections in what others are doing. We may believe in and preach world government, but we condemn the United Nations. We may believe in peace, but not in "Atoms for Peace," nor in the distribution of our surplus food to the hungry in other lands, nor in the rehabilitation among us of displaced persons from abroad. We may believe in good government, but not in politics. We may be-

(Continued on page 18)

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Answer to Alienation

By J. William Lee

THE search for wholeness of life has been one of the most persistent activities of man from the beginnings of history to our own time. Myths of a golden age, memories of some lost Eden, or messianic expectations concerning a future Utopia—all these are poignant symbols of man's aspiration to overcome his alienation from nature, from himself, from his neighbor and from God. And no age has been more persistently aware of the depth of this alienation than has our own. Yet despite all our agonistic insight into the abyss of alienation we continue to solace our anxieties by the confidence that our problems in the end will not be greater than our capacities for creative action. So the partyliner polishes up his dialectic and hails the classless society, the therapist dusts off his couch and dedicates his day to the creation of the productive personality, the sociologist adjusts man's gyroscopic and radar controls as a means of disengaging him from the latest enthusiasm of the peer-group, and Mr. Peale lists five new rules guaranteed to open the gates of paradise by destroying "the flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

Yet with all this feverish activity, our alienation becomes more acute, and beneath the seamless garment of our naive and unexamined confidence we continue to experience life as fragmentation. And in the deeper levels of our existence beneath the customary optimism we are conscious of a restless uneasiness, of which the artist Jim Morris spoke when he told a *Time* reporter: "We live in a Donald Duck civilization. . . . The trouble with modern man is that he is in pieces and some of the pieces are missing." Hence man's problem of how to find wholeness moves into a somewhat grim reformulation of the old button game, only now it turns on the query, "Pieces, pieces, who has the pieces?"

There is a story told in the preaching of the early church concerning two criminals crucified at the same time as Jesus that may help to locate some of the missing pieces and to clarify the steps to be traversed on the way to wholeness of life. In response to the cursing of one of the criminals involved in this triple execution, the repentant thi laid down this challenge, "Do you not fear Go since you are under the same sentence of conden nation? And we indeed justly; for we are receivir the due reward of our deeds; but this man has dor nothing wrong." And he said, "Jesus remember m when you come in your kingly power." The respons of Jesus discloses that the conditions to wholene had been met in this man's understanding of h situation. Jesus said to him, "Truly, I say to yo today you will be with me in Paradise."

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Responsible Existence

We may begin by observing that the first cond tion of wholeness is the engagement in *responsib existence*. "We indeed justly. We are receiving th due reward of our deeds." There is a promise of re newal in an attitude like that. Here is a man wh perhaps for the first time in his life, is taking a goo long look into his own soul, and is resolved to bea the burden of what he sees. He engages in no cha ter about being born on the wrong side of th tracks, he refuses to pass the buck. "We indee justly!"

It is to be feared that men today have almos lost the language and experience for translating thi kind of encounter with responsible existence. Ad vances in knowledge have given us not only valuabl tools for understanding the behavior of others bu a scholarly apparatus for excusing ourselves fro any and every responsibility. If we get caught up i some grim reminder that our present is enmeshe in a complex of past decisions, we have terms an tools available that reduce intentionality to insignif cance and make possible absolution by explanatio What comfort we take in our explanatory terms— ambivert, introvert, extravert, psychoneurosis, in feriority complex and others! Or think of the pleas ant diversion from personal responsibility furnishe by a passionate attack on some politician, or on th liberals, or on communism. And if these diversion still leave us uneasy, there is always the appeal t what Sartre has called "the big explanatory idol of our epoch," heredity and environment.

Escape from Self

This escape from responsibility by language an explanation was illustrated to some of us who wer engaged several years ago at a midwestern univer sity in studying the physiological effects of emo

onal states. It was about this time that Hitler was ıocking the world with his violent speeches and ɜeds. So the question of Hitler's behavior was put) the very eminent mental hygienist who was the siting lecturer. His reply was to the effect that .itler's actions were determined by the impact of ɪternal stimuli which set in motion certain vibra- ons in the autonomic nervous system over which ɜ had little or no control. Vibrations of the vis- ɜra! By my troth, there is something vastly appeal- ıg about that kind of explanation, something that ıscinates the "unevangelized pagan" in modern ıan. We can kick the dog, beat the kids, yell at the ife and engage in vastly more serious forms of ggressive behavior, only to pronounce this form of ɔholarly absolution—vibrations of the viscera.

But in the dramatic encounter between the crim- ıal and the Christ, none of these tools of publicity re used, no escape from the self is sought. "We ıdeed justly!" The call to responsibility is heard nd acknowledged as the first step toward salvation. ɔo with us, the experience of meaninglessness, of ragmentation, of alienation may well be rooted in ur loss of the image of the responsible self. C. S. ɹewis has referred to this inability to accept re- ponsibility as the deepest hell that man faces. He ɪescribes Napoleon in the next life living in infinite pace in a huge Empire style house. Day and night ıe paces to and fro, and all the while he mutters ınder his breath: "It was Soult's fault. It was Ney's fault. It was Josephine's fault. It was the ault of the Russians. It was the fault of the Eng- ish."[1] This is the real loss of the self, the dissolu- ion of wholeness into fragmentation, the damna- ion of not being able to comprehend the real dig- ity of the phrase: "Therefore you have no inexcuse,) man, whoever you are, when you judge another."

Personal Insight

Inseparably bound up with this acceptance of esponsibility as a condition to wholeness of life is he *personal insight* that shatters the frame of con- ormity. There was a considerable unanimity of pinion about Jesus that became brashly articulate n the last hours of his life. The Romans, by assent- ng to his crucifixion, implicitly declared that he was traitor to Rome, a common criminal. The Jews urled a variety of condemnations. He was a blas- hemer against the Torah, a demonic man who per- ormed miracles through Beelzebub, a winebibber, r a dissolute man seen often with sinners and pros- itutes. These were the verdicts of the peer-groups. But above the clamor of these epithets, the repent- nt thief dared to challenge the authorities with is own insight and confession of faith: "This man as done nothing wrong!"

This strength to challenge the sovereignty of the eer-group and to possess what Riesman calls the nerve of failure" is the most desperate need of our ay. Under the constant bombardment of radio, elevision and the public press, we constantly bar- er our souls for the pottage of a layman's Hooper ating. There is an almost pathological anxiety to conform to the established pattern. The underlying philosophy for "assent to the mass" was rather humorously disclosed by a Senate committee investigating the sale of government surplus machinery. In one case a Mr. Lawson had made $100,000 in a transaction involving surplus, and when questioned he justified the profit on the basis that he was founder and head of Lawson's College in Des Moines, Iowa. Further questioning revealed that the major subject taught at Lawson's College was Lawsonomy. When asked to define Lawsonomy, Mr. Lawson asserted that "it is the theory that all life operates according to the laws of maneuverability, penetrability, zigzag and swirl." A worthy metaphysic indeed for conformism—maneuverability, zigzag and swirl!

Courage to Hope

In recent years we have witnessed the apotheosis of "me-tooism," the emergence of secondhand gospels with third-rate expositors. These gospels vary with the climate of opinion, and they may alternately stress the sacredness of white pigmentation, or America first, last and only, or the absolute identity of the Kingdom of God with competitive capitalism. In any case the customary is sanctified on the basis of its acceptability rather than on a basis of worth, and all deviations are damned by a label or found guilty by association. No conflict in our time is quite so weighted toward impossibility as the task of disengaging ourselves from public opinion without at the same time destroying the bond of fidelity to the deeper issues of human community. But the faith of the church was and still is that there is a power that breaks out in the encounter with Jesus Christ that conquers conformity without destroying community. Confronted with Christ, the thief could hurl his own evaluation and personal confession into the very teeth of the mob, "This man has done nothing wrong."

In addition to these preliminary conditions of responsible existence and reflective insight we may observe one further requirement to wholeness, the courage to hope. In Matthew's Gospel we are told that in the last hours of Jesus' life "all the disciples left him and fled." This was a quite understandable and human reaction to a bitter disillusionment. The kingdom they had envisioned was disclosed under the sign of weakness rather than power, the kingly crown was of thorns, the throne of sovereignty was fashioned, not of gold, but of rough-hewn timbers silhouetted against the final solitude of Golgotha. So in their agony of fear and despair the disciples went back to their fishing sloops or homes, to live henceforth in their recollections.

Yet here, on the brim of the great darkness, the repentant thief turned the edge of despair by making the *decision to hope*. "Lord, remember me when you come in your kingly power." This was no sentimental optimism, no romantic mood about life spiraling "onward and upward," but a courageous will to believe despite the disappearance of external solicitations to faith. All of us find it natural to hope when the signs are favorable, the body strong, the mind alert, the mortgage paid and the sun high

[1] C. S. Lewis, *The Great Divorce* (New York: Macmillan, 1946). Used ɜ permission.

in the heavens. But when the darkness suffocates, and the expanding horizons of human existence are painfully finitized by boundary and limit, or when suffering and death transfix possibility with an inescapable No, to hope then is a decision—a decision that calls every natural and human impossibility to reckon with a Transcendence. Leon Bloy knew this call to hope that is heard in the abyss. His wife once said to him: "We are sold to God, we are caught in his net, and we know this net cannot be broken." To which Bloy responded: "O terrible joy, that begins with a cry of distress."

Here, then, in this story of the encounter of the repentant thief with the Christ we may say with the contemporary poet T. S. Eliot:

> I have heard the key
> Turn in the door once and turn once only.[2]

The clue to wholeness of life is given here, not as simple human possibility, but as the fruits of th encounter withe Lord of history, an encounter tha becomes an invitation to responsible existence, t insight and witness, and to the high ground of hop And out of this night without stars comes the hea ing promise: "Today you will be with me in Para dise."

[2]T. S. Eliot, "The Waste Land," *Complete Poems and Plays,* (N York: Harcourt, Brace, 1952.) Used by permission.

Crucifix

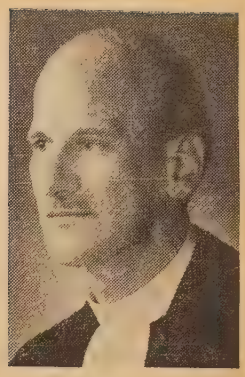
By Elder Olson*

HERE is this silver crucifix, to recall
Immortal agony: the mortality of the immortal;
Christ crucified again, but painlessly, in effigy;
All wrought to grace; anguish translated to beauty, suffering feigned in calm silver.
Look at this, then think of the actual scene:
Friday, Friday the thirteenth, as some think,
Hot and bright at first, but gradually darkening and chilling;
The rock and sway of a great packed crowd,
A crowd like any other that comes to witness executions,
With market-baskets and bundles and purses and other tokens of lives that would be resumed
After this interruption; a crowd with children and dogs
Crawling in and out through the forest of legs.
Think of the straining, the craning to see as hammers and nails
Behaved after the fashion of hammers and nails,
Though the nails went through veins and flesh and wedged bones apart.
And then the cross raised, the third of that day, displaying to all eyes
(Eyes glittering or sombre, lust-lit or horror-struck, but mostly curious)
The head, turning slowly from side to side,
As always with the pinned or the impaled,
The eyes already rapt with suffering,
The hands nailed like frogs to the rough cross-timber,
The cross raised; and after a little while,
The eyes of the spectators straying, their lips beginning to discuss other executions, and other things than executions,
The crowd slowly dispersing, the best parts being over,
Leaving only a few whispering at the foot of the cross in the gathering dark, and the Roman soldiers,
To whom this was another execution,
Glad to relax after the anxieties of maintainin discipline.

Think of the terrible solitude of the Cross:
Of that body shuddering (for it was a body)
And the knees buckling, as they would, t straightened convulsively
In the drag of the body's weight on the hands ar the aching arm-pits,
And again and again buckling and straightenin again and again throughout the long day, weakness overcame pain, and pain weakness
And the painful thirst of the wounded, worse tha the wounds,
And the flies, to whom Christ's blood was as ar other,
And worse than all, the fear, the increasing fear
That all had been illusion, save this pain, th death
(For we think that none, not even God, may p on the man-shape and not feel this fear)
And this in the terrible solitude of the Cross.

Think of this, gaze your fill on it, then remembe
It is the Christ that sanctifies the Cross,
Not the Cross, Christ; and remember, it is not
Preeminence in pain that makes the Christ
(For the thieves as well were crucified)
No, but the Godhead; the untouchable ungue able unsuffering
Immortality beyond mortality,
Which feigns our mortality as this silver feigns
And of which we are ignorant as that multitude
For the pain comes from the humanity; the pa we know;
The agony we comprehend; of the rest, kn nothing.

*From *The Scarecrow Christ and Other Poems,* by Elder Olson (I York: The Noonday Press, 1954). Used by permission.



The Easter Hope

By Johnstone G. Patrick

I Corinthians 15:19, 20.

THE great festivals of the Christian year are not merely the commemoration of isolated events of immense importance to all mankind. They are the triumphant attestations in time of the eternal truth of God related to human experience. They can never be considered apart from their intimate relationship to one another. Christmas, Good Friday, Easter and Pentecost are witnesses to the vital and eternal presence of the ever-living, ever-loving, life-giving God.

In Quietness and Secrecy

We do well this Eastertide to recall Alice Meynell's powerful little poem "Easter Night." In it she contrasts the clamor and appalling publicity of the crucifixion with the solitude, the secrecy, the serenity of Christ's rising. First she confronts us with a picture of the noise and the shouting and the feverish ways of humankind. Then there is a picture of victory but not such victory as limelight-loving men dream of. Power and might are in the second picture all right but not the power of earthquake, wind and fire; rather such powerful peace as does in quietness renew the earth each year, roofing in a thousand groves with leaves, carpeting the earth with green and giving us the harvests by which we live—but all in quietness and secrecy:

> All night had shout of men and cry
> Of woeful women filled His way;
> Until that noon of sombre sky
> On Friday, clamour and display
> Smote Him; no solitude had He.
> No silence, since Gethsemane.
>
> Public was death; but power, but might,
> But life again, but victory,
> Were hushed within the dead of night,
> The shuttered dark, the secrecy,
> And all alone, alone, alone
> He rose again behind the stone.[1]

Easter, then, with its empty tomb and the stone rolled back, with its unconquerable faith and annual assurance of death's ultimate defeat, with its thrilling hymns and ardent "Alleluias," with its yearly miracle of resurrection, with its light and its lilies, announces a message of hope—a message with a pertinent application for today and tomorrow, for here-and-now and hereafter. "Hope without an object," wrote the sage Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "cannot live." And Easter tells us annually what St. Paul told some Corinthian Christians and a Lystrian lad called Timothy a long, long time ago. He told Timothy that Jesus Christ "is our hope," which hope, we are enjoined elsewhere in the Bible, "we have as a sure anchor." And he told some Christians at Corinth, in a letter, "If in this life we who are in Christ have only hope, we are of all men most to be pitied. But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead . . ."

If ever there was need of instilling hope and courage into men it is today, for never in the curiously checkered story of mankind has the world scene been more full of foreboding evil than it is now. The political and economic situation could not be gloomier; and as it is a mess which has not been made so by the mass of men, its remedy does not appear to lie in their hands. Two ghastly global wars have sown here, there and everywhere, seeds of suffering and want. There is so much tyranny over, and contempt for, the person in our disordered and disjointed day, so much insecurity and dire distress among people, so much jealousy and bickering among nations, so much greed and selfishness among individuals, so much clutching after things that crumble in our hands. All life appears to be under the heavy hammer-strokes of change and decay. Signs of instability are to be seen everywhere. Life's chances seem to be so haphazard. So much depends on so little.

Truth and Triumph of Easter

Yet for all that, there is still the truth and triumph of Easter to turn to, to inspire hope. When all has been said and done by the blind force impelling men and nations to some predestined and dreadful end, there remains the hunger of the heart and the acute consciousness that, if man would only turn his tired eyes toward the empty tomb in Joseph's garden, the skies would be brighter, more

[1] "Easter Night," *The Collected Poems of Alice Meynell* (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne). Used by permission.

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promising, and life could be lived in the sunshine of hope. We cannot do without this shining hope; it gives strength to the weak in the war against adversity, light to those who totter in the darkness of doubt and unbelief, patience to the sufferers enduring the burdens and buffetings of life, faith to those who are afraid of death. It makes strong the feeble arm, catches up quavering hopes and makes them trumpet-toned and unfaltering, gives courage to the timid. And at the last, when the light is buried in a grave, the lamp of hope burns on, even brighter than before, and eventually leads us to the Father's House, in which, as a Certain One so shrewdly said, "there are many mansions," resting places, sure dwellings.

Triumph of God's Grace

At all times, and especially so at Easter time, Jesus Christ comes to all of us clad in the garments of his glorious resurrection. He comes to hearten us with hope, to lead us by the hand out of darkness into his "most marvelous light," to lift us out of death into an endless and eternal life, to banish the weed of self-seeking and sin from our hearts and plant in its place the pure flower of his own sacrificial and self-denying goodness. Every time I read the last six lines of the rugged poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," I am thrilled afresh. They quiver with authentic emotion and make Easter music in the mind. John Masefield will leave this world nothing lovelier than this exquisite epilogue. Such a longing for perfect purity has in it a pathos akin to tears; but the desire to consecrate the cleansed life to God, and, through God, to his fellows, rings out the glorious triumph of God's holy grace:

> O lovely lily clean,
> O lily springing green,
> O lily bursting white,
> Dear lily of delight,
> Spring in my heart agen,
> That I may flower to men.[2]

"In the place where he was crucified," the writer of the Fourth Gospel tells us significantly, "there was a garden." And everything in that garden where they laid him became vocal on the first Easter morning with the message: "He is not here; for he has risen . . . Come, see the place where he lay." With the dawn of the third day beauty had come back to the garden—beauty of the highest order. The grave in the garden was no longer the tomb of tattered dreams, the haunt of horrid fears, the place of buried hopes. The grave was empty! The Light of the World had begun to illumine it. Out of that ever-open grave comes the good tidings of new life for all in Christ, the glorious experience of all saintly souls who exclaim, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

He Lives for Evermore

God is no longer "the God of the dead, but of the living." Christ is no longer in the grave; he is risen. He has crossed the Great Divide of death and is alive—gloriously "alive for evermore." Can an truth be more comforting, cheering, encouragin more helpful and hopeful, than that which Nic demus discovered in Canon Andrew Young's poig nant play-poem of that title:

> O Risen Lord,
> I do not ask you to forgive me now;
> There is no need.
> I came tonight to speak to your dead body,
> To touch it with my hand and say "Forgive."
> For though I knew it could not speak to me
> Or even hear, yet it was once yourself;
> It is dissolved and risen like a dew,
> And now I know,
> As dawn forgives the night, as spring the winter,
> You have forgiven me. It is enough.
> Why do I kneel before your empty tomb?
> You are not here, for you are everywhere;
> The grass, the trees, the air, the wind, the sky,
> Nothing can now refuse to be your home;
> Nor I. . . .[3]

However we may try to explain the victory the first Easter morning we can never explain i away. Moreover, when we seek for an explanatio of the epic adventure in which twelve men withou the help of art, education or culture set out t transform their impious and implacably hostil world, we find it only as we see them sustained an strengthened and inspired by the unceasing com panionship of the Risen Christ. There is no explana tion of the work they did, of the sufferings the endured, of the victories they won, which does no allow for a communion and companionship wit Jesus, even more complete and satisfying than wa possible in the days of his flesh.

Lord of Our Lives

Weighty as this explanation is, and confirmin faith as it does, the best and final proof of th Easter victory to us is woefully wanting, unles we have an up-to-date experience of the livin Christ in our own little lives. "He who believes i the Son of God has the testimony in himself." W too have a gospel to preach with life and with li in our own day. The most precious and most powe ful proof of the Easter triumph is that the Rise Christ has appeared to us, as he appeared to the tw Emmaus-wanderers, and we have acknowledge him to be Lord of our lives. We live under the u ceasing inspiration of his presence. We know som thing of the kindly companionship of Christ as w walk along the world's ways. For us, "Earth has no so dear a spot as where we meet with him." An in the degree that we remain in company an communion with him, we shall come to know h nature, share his experience, and travel on, wit high hopes harbored in our hearts, through wha ever dark night there may be, certain of solace, su of some great spring morning, and wise to th resurrection that waits beyond.

Three quarters through the last century, D Candlish, the noble-natured minister of Free S George's, Edinburgh, preached the farewell sermo for his friend, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who had shon as the brightest star in the sky of the Scottis

[2]John Masefield, "The Everlasting Mercy," *Collected Works* (New York: Macmillan). Used by permission.

[3]Andrew Young, *Nicodemus* (London: Jonathan Cape). Used by p mission.

hurch of his day. The sermon had an unforget-ible ending, which thrilled and electrified the vast ongregation. "Friend and brother," cried Cand-sh, his face and hands uplifted heavenward, "com-anion in tribulation, comrade in the fight, farewell. hou art gone, but not for ever. I shall see thee oon, and when my last hour comes may my soul be s thine."

When the day to go came for Christmas Evans, ie old Welsh saint bade the friends at his bedside ood-by and turned his tired, weather-worn face to ie wall; and in a little while they saw him wave is hand triumphantly: "Drive on! Drive on!" he ied, as if he were in Christ's chariot which had ome to carry him home.

C. S. Lewis, the John Bunyan of our time, changed ie figure a little in a sermon I was privileged to ear him preach in Southwark Cathedral in London me years ago. The conclusion of his sermon, later corporated in his book *Miracles*, was to this effect:

> These earthly bodies of ours, these puny things which fall to bits in a few years, are like ponies given to us that we may learn to ride, and that, not in order, that some day we may be free from riding; but rather that, having learned to ride these little ponies, we may some day be able to ride our true horses, singing and bare-backed. We can imagine those horses, enormous winged horses, snorting, pawing the ground, waiting for us in the King's stables which some day, let us hope soon, we shall be able to ride.

That is the Easter faith and hope. "Christ . . . abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." "I am the resurrection and the life," he says. "Whoever lives and believes in me shall never die." "I died, and behold I am alive for evermore." "Because I live, you will live also."

Whatever storm beats upon the house of our soul, if we rightly regard it and meet it with the Easter hope in our hearts, it will make us better, bigger and braver beings. The crucifixion of our Lord was the worst of the world's evils, yet out of it to this world came the greatest gesture of God's goodness. The storm of life beat mercilessly upon Christ's house. Good Friday gives us the measure of that mighty storm. Easter represents to us how that house weathered the storm.

"If in this life," speculated St. Paul, "we who are in Christ have only hope, we are of all men most to be pitied." Nothing ever uttered could be truer than these words. "But"—and here is a BUT that goes far beyond the wintry night night of here-and-now to the great spring morning of hereafter—"but in fact Christ has been raised from the dead." He is "alive for evermore," and because he lives we shall live also. Happy indeed are all who have this healthy Easter hope in their hearts, and hold it there. Alleluia!

VERSE

The Dawning

AH! what time wilt thou come? when shall that cry,
he bridegroom's coming, fill the sky?
hall it in the evening run,
/hen our words and works are done?
r will thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight?
/hen either sleep or some dark pleasure
ossesseth mad man without measure,
r shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowers?
nd with their blush of light descry
hy locks crowned with eternity?
ndeed, it is the only time
hat with thy glory doth best chime;
ll now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield,
he whole creation shakes off night
nd for thy shadow looks the light;
tars now vanish without number,
eepy planets set and slumber
he pursy clouds disband and scatter,
ll expect some sudden matter;
ot one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning star.
h, at what time soever thou,
nknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
nd with thy angels in the van
escend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveler water crave,
He finds it dead and in a grave;
But as this restless vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted,
So let me all my busy age
In thy free services engage;
And though while here of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above;
So when that day and hour shall come
In which thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of thy great day.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Communion

CHRIST, forgive if I should break
This bread or of this wine partake
Then walk the path of fear.
Remove from me the spear
Of cringing, mocking unbelief;
Give me the faith of Golgotha's thief.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

The Palm Sunday Journey

Crossing the Wadi

By Lowell M. Atkinson

IF you will imagine an outstretched arm and a clenched fist, you may think of the city of Jerusalem as the clenched fist and the hills to the north as the arm. The place where the wrist joins the arm and the clenched fist is the Wadi Kidron. The place where the land rises to heights slightly greater than the height of the hills upon which Jerusalem is built is the Mount of Olives. The Wadi Kidron is a brook with no water in it, a ravine over which goes the path that joins the land to the north and the city of Jerusalem.

The Palm Sunday journey in itself was a very simple thing. It was a walk of about a mile and a half, from the other side of the brow of the hill down the stony path, past the Garden of Gethsemane, to the bottom of the Wadi and then up the steep incline to the golden gate of Jerusalem. Like many great things it was very simple in its essential fact. And yet it takes its place as one of the great decisive, definitive things in the story of man. Like Caesar's crossing of the little stream called the Rubicon, it has ramifications of importance far beyond the short journey.

So today with Christians everywhere we are gathered together to celebrate the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. It is a day of gladness not unmixed with sadness. The church has always felt it was a time for palms and praise, and rightly so, for Jesus himself set the tone for the day. But the church has rightly realized, also, that it is a day of ironic overtones. It is a day for personal humility at the thought of the frailty of the followers of Christ. When we think of the insecurity and the fickleness of the crowd that cried "Hosanna" on Sunday, and crucified him on Friday, we know that but for the grace of God we might have been among those who were faithless to him. And so it has been a day of mingled gladness and sorrow, a time when we are happy to acknowledge his Lordship, but are sobered by the thought of what we have done to our Lord.

The Disciples

Now may we think together a few moments about what people saw that day. What did the disciples see? Can we look upon the scene through their eyes? Can we see the procession walking over the brow of the Mount of Olives, across the wadi and up the incline to the city? For them it was a time of suddenly accelerated hopes, a time of exhilaration. There was something of spring in the air. They sa the crowds all about, and there was the excitemen of being in a great throng. They were on a plac very high and lifted up, and there were magnificen vistas to the east and to the west. To the west the could see across the land to the blue Mediterranean for they were on the highest ridge of the land; t the east they could see all the way to the Dead Sea glistening in the sun. They were lifted up geograph ically. They could see many things that were ex hilarating and exciting. They could see the glisten ing stones of the city, especially impressive to th disciples, who with one exception were men from th country. With eyes of wonder they stared upon th great stones of the city, the city of splendid build ings erected by Herod the Great, one of the grea builders of all time. "What wonderful stones!" the exclaimed.

But more important than any of these thing was what they saw in the face of Jesus their Lord This Christ they had seen before — the Chris with the lordly manner, the Christ with heavenl power, the Christ of Transfiguration. He seemed t belong more to another world than this, the Chris who had faced an ugly mob in his home town and far from becoming their victim, with majestic mie had walked through their midst and gone his wa in freedom; the Christ who had defied Herod Antipa with the simple word, "That fox," and the an nouncement that he himself would go on with hi work regardless of what Herod threatened to do This Christ of power they had seen before, many time, and they would see him again. They woul see him the next day as he went into that city o the clenched fist, the city which clenched in it grip its proud privileges and its old traditions. The would see him take a whip to the Temple, thi Christ of strength and dauntless dignity. Thi Christ who acted like a king, they had seen before Once the people had tried to seize him and mak him a king, but God had already done that! An they could see this deeper majesty shining in hi face and in his eyes.

This it was that excited them, and roused thei hopes and their ambitions for the coming of hi

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LOWELL M. ATKINSON, *pastor of First Methodist Church Englewood, New Jersey, preached this Palm Sunday sermo as one of a series, "In the Steps of the Master," in which h used geographical facts as a starting place for spiritua meanings.*

Kingdom. Here was the King! They saw the other people honor Christ the King, waving palms and throwing their garments upon the ground. They shouted "Hosanna," a shout which was raised nowhere except in the presence of a king; for it means "Save, O King." It was a cry addressed to one who has the power to bring salvation, and this was the cry on Palm Sunday! "Hosanna" — "Save, O King." It was an exciting day for the followers of Christ!

The Pharisees

What did the Pharisees see? Can you look for a moment through their eyes — these people from the city of the clenched first who held so tightly to their religious habits and beliefs. To them, of course, he was an outsider, an interloper, a false prophet. He did not use the words that they used. He did not observe all the customs they observed. He did not put the emphasis where they put it; and they looked at him through hostile eyes.

There is no fanaticism so terrible, no intolerance so bitter as that which has been raised up in the spirit of man in the name of religion! It is a warning to us all, lest in trying tightly to hold in our clenched fist our proud religious tradition we fail to recognize someone with a great and kingly truth from God. The Pharisees wanted Jesus to rebuke those who were praising him. His answer is a rebuke for the Pharisees, instead. If I may paraphrase, he said to them, "Why, these hard stones would cry out with feeling and understanding if you, with your hard hearts, silenced my disciples. The stones themselves are not so hard as your pride nor so difficult of entry as your spirit!" There are many great and good things that the eyes of hostility can never see!

The Roman Soldiers

We must not forget the Roman soldiers who were watching. Can we see through their eyes for a moment? From high places of vantage, from the castle of Antonia and the roof of the Temple, they are watching. They are watching the crowds in the streets of the city. They are watching the people in the gates. They are watching the pilgrims to the Passover feast as they make their way from the north across the wadi. Especially they are watching this procession with its center of excitement, these people who are crying "Hosanna" and waving the palms and throwing down the garments. This especially they are watching — watching with cold, hard gaze, concerned only in their cruel neutrality that there shall not be any disorder because of this group and their procession.

That seems innocent enough until we remember that these were the men who crucified Jesus — who set up the cross, who drove the nails, who with that same cruel and icy detachment gambled over his robe. This day palms were being waved in praise, but on Friday it would be the palms of smiting hands, hitting him in scorn and mockery! These were the men — the neutral persons — these were the men who would do it!

It is a deadly thing to be neutral in the great conflict between the right and the wrong, between the godly and the ungodly, between the good and the bad. To be neutral, to fail to identify yourself with the right and with the cause of God, can turn out to be a very horrible thing.

Just for a moment look at this procession through the neutral eyes of the soldiers who do not care. Then remember what they did to him!

Christ the King

Now may we look upon the scene for a moment through the eyes of Jesus. He looked upon them with eyes of understanding and sympathy, and also with the eyes of the teacher.

Christ planned the triumphal entry. The gospel makes that abundantly clear. He planned it. And as was often customary in Oriental lands, he taught by acting out his teachings. His lesson was "I am the King sent of God." He taught it by fulfilling a prophecy that they all knew, and which is recorded in this connection in the gospel. It is the prophecy from Zechariah:

> Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!
> Shout aloud, O daughter of Jerusalem!
> Lo, your king comes to you;
> triumphant and victorious is he,
> humble and riding on an ass,
> on a colt the foal of an ass.

This was the day when Jesus made it abundantly clear that he had the right to reign and the right to rule over men. With strong and decisive action he crossed the wadi as a king. He received the hosannas and the strewn garments and accepted them — the homage and the praise of men — this was the King.

But it was a new kind of king. His was a pageant of royalty and death. Behind every palm the eyes of Jesus saw a cross. This was a king who came unto his own and his own received him not, and he gave to his people the power to kill him! It was a king who came to die, that he might become a Savior. He was a new kind of king — God's King, not man's; someone so strong, so sure, that he did not need for his support the things upon which men depend: public recognition, armies, power, political prestige. All these things he did not need. So strong he was that he dared to fling away his life to accomplish his mission. There has never been a king like this — so strong and so sure. For this was

Lenten Fare

NOW let the body fast a while,
The shelf and board grow lean,
And man lift up his hungry heart
To find a world unseen.

Now let him know his beggared state,
What starveling fare is bread,
What sparse and bitter herbs are his
Until the soul be fed.

LESLIE SAVAGE CLARK.

From the Christian Century, *March 10, 1954.*

to be the King not of men's bodies but of men's hearts', not a king who controlled men from the outside, but a king whose kingdom was within!

And so he crossed the wadi. With those eyes that saw so much and saw so deeply, he looked upon this city of the clenched fist with its hardness and its tightness — so like the sun-smitten rock upon which it is built — and he wept! If only this city had known the things that belonged to its peace.

He looks upon our city too. His heart goes out to us, as he weeps at the evil and weeps at the hardness; weeps at the neutrality and the frailty and fickleness. If only *we* knew the things that belong to *our* peace!

When the artist Overbeck was commissioned to paint the "Triumphal Entry," he was not a Christian and had very little personal interest in the matter. He undertook the work as a professional job. But the long period that he spent with it, this story of the King who rode forth courageously to love and to die — all of this had its impact upon his mind and heart. His carelessness fell away, his indifference disappeared, and at last he flung himself upon the mercy of Christ with a cry, "O God, forgive!"

And what about you — on this Palm Sunday, do you believe that Jesus Christ is king? Do you believe he has the right to rule your life? Will you really let him rule it? If you really believe he is the King, if you believe that you can never be victor against him and can never be victor without him, then won't you give him a chance to be the king of your life, today?

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Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the strength of our Savior, for the patience of his love, for his glorious understanding of us and of what is worthy and what is frail in our natures. And now may we come to him and give our loyalty to our rightful king and let him rule in every area of our life. Bless us in our decisions and confirm us in our loyalty. May we follow him all the way, and may we be with him in all our ways. For we pray in the blessed name of Christ the King. Amen.

Earthquake

(Continued from page 7)

the nucleus of a world-conquering church. Something must have happened!

Probably we will never know exactly what did happen with the physical body of Jesus. Nor are we likely to discover the exact nature of the resurrection appearances. There are too many discrepancies between the different Gospel accounts to harmonize them and come out with any clear and definite picture of what transpired. But we know *something* happened, something tremendous enough to shake men out of their old religious customs and to transform the disciples. The Christian church was born in a graveyard following an earthquake experience which convinced the disciples beyond all doubt that their Master was not dead but alive and had gone before them into Galilee.

The Easter event also shattered old concepts of power. As the atomic and hydrogen bombs have antiquated old concepts of power, so did the resurrection of Jesus which was "the most powerful explosive ever known." The guards there at the tomb doubtless thought their swords and cross had had the last word. But after the earthquake, Matthew tells us, the guards "trembled and became like dead men." (Matthew 28:4.) They saw the futility of their kind of power. They quaked before a greater force, the power of God and of self-giving love.

Anxiety

(Continued from page 5)

who have not accepted themselves or us. Our broken relationships are restored. We may not be better than we were before, but our relationships are transfigured."*

You experience the redemptive love of Christ now, and your vocation is simply to witness to that love. You know now what Jesus meant when he said, "Be not anxious," for through faith your anxieties are overcome and you are free to be and to live as a disciple of Christ. You are on the threshold of that maturity which is "the full measure of development which belongs to the fullness of Christ."

*Paul Tillich, *Shaking of the Foundations* (New York: Scribners). Used by permission.

Triumph

(Continued from page 9)

lieve in Christianity, but not in the church. We may believe in God, but not in Jesus Christ. Our cry for what we consider perfection becomes then our escape from the call to immediate discipleship. Reinhold Niebuhr says, "It is not a bad thing to spell out ultimate goals as well as immediate responsibilities. But we must be cognizant of the fact that some people have a habit of fleeing to ultimate ideals as a way of evading immediate responsibilities."[3]

That's what brings the Palm Sunday tears, that we do not see in Jesus the actualization of God's goodness, do not recognize the figure on the donkey as the good news, God with us; that we do not know Him and do not for His sake leave our preoccupation with the good that *might* be, and *should* be, and *ought* to be, and *would* be, for the good that in Him *is*. Jesus' Palm Sunday march, if it is anything, is his march into your life. His words on the hilltop are his immediate challenge to you: "Would that even today, at least in this your day, you knew the things that make for peace!"

[3]Reinhold Niebuhr in *Christianity and Crisis*, Feb. 2, 1953. Used by permission.

Communion Meditation
or Maundy Thursday

Do *You* Know?

By John R. Kelly

"Do you know what I have done to you?"
John 13:12.

JESUS refused to conform. The Jews knew what they wanted in a Messiah, but Jesus shocked them with his commonness. The Pharisees knew hat they wanted in a religious teacher, but Jesus ondemned them and ate with sinners. Even the isciples knew what they wanted in a master, but esus humiliated them with his service.

In the Gospel according to John the story of the ast Supper includes an incident not recorded in he other Gospels. It is perhaps the summation of esus' refusal to do what was expected of him. He rose from supper . . . girded himself with a towel" nd "began to wash the disciples' feet." Peter, as sual quick to voice his misunderstanding, objected. esus insisted on completing the task ordinarily ssigned to a slave. It was no casual job in those ays of sandals and dusty roads.

When he had finished, Jesus resumed his place t the table and, turning to those before whom he ad just been kneeling, he asked, "Do you know hat I have done to you?"

Before we come to the Lord's table, and particuarly on this night commemorating that supper in n upper room before Jesus gave himself up to the ross, might we not do well to see that question irected at ourselves? Do we know what Jesus has one to us? For at every service of Holy Comnunion truly Jesus himself asks us, "Do you know hat I have done to you?"

Then let us go back to that first Supper and to esus, kneeling to wash the feet of his disciples. What did Jesus do to his disciples—and to us—hen he knelt with towel and basin?

The simplest explanation would be that Jesus ere established a ritual for his followers. He said, If I, then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed our feet, you also ought to wash one another's eet." Some have said that this is the whole exlanation. Jesus knew that his disciples were too roud, too vain. So he established this ritual of oot-washing to remind them that they were to be ervants, not masters.

There are some groups within the church that ven today practice ritual foot-washing. The raionale is simple: it reminds them that they are to e servants to each other. It is a blow to pride. Such an act is certainly not without value. Yet we might ask if such a ritual might not fail to have the desired effect. Could not the pride of the foot-washer be increased as he contemplates his extraordinary act of devotion?

The father of the chairman of the Yale New Testament department had been a member of a pietist group in Germany which practiced ritual foot-washing. They do it once a year, on Maundy Thursday evening. His comment on it was this: "All it meant to many was that their feet got washed twice a year, once before the service and once during it." Surely Jesus meant more by his act to establish a ritual!

Let us probe a little more deeply into the question. Could it not have been the attitude rather than the act that Jesus emphasized? He said, "I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done to you." Perhaps by this he meant that we should be as servants to one another, that none who followed him was too high and mighty to be a slave.

Certainly this fits the rest of the teachings and life of our Lord. The New Commandment, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and his own healing ministry make this clear. "Truly, as you did it not to the least of these, you did it not to me." Jesus was reminding the disciples—and us—that we are to love and serve each other. And this is no light matter.

I shall never forget the words of a preacher I heard almost ten years ago. He was a Negro from South Carolina. His text was from the second chapter of Philippians: "Have this mind among yourselves, which you have in Christ Jesus, who . . . taking the form of a servant . . . humbled himself and became obedient unto death." The preacher repeated, "Taking the form of a servant." Then he asked the congregation of a suburban Congregational church, "Do you know what it means to be a servant?" He went on to describe his home where he could live only in the lowland near the swamp on the edge of town, where he would walk past a gleaming restaurant, the window filled with appetizing food, and know he could enter only by the back door to don a white apron and wash dishes, where the clean hotels admitted Negroes only as bellhops, where everything an intelligent young Negro might desire was on the other side of an invisible but

(Continued on page 25)

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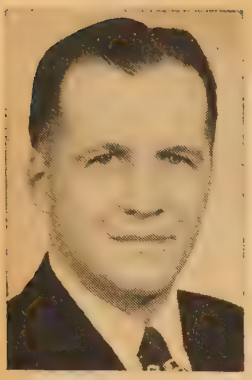

The Cross and Conscience

By Arthur H. Kolsti

THERE comes a time in the planning of every military commander when he must cease skirmishing with the enemy and prepare his main assault. That time arrived in the mission of Jesus. Prior to the last Jerusalem ministry his activity had been in the nature of a skirmish. Now the hour was approaching for the main assault. That assault was launched with the entry into Jerusalem. That the eventual outcome of this entry to Jerusalem was clear to Jesus is evident by his efforts to prepare the disciples for the prospect of suffering. The cross was no accident in the mind of Jesus.

Today, think of the meaning of the cross in the realm of conscience. Here in a series of events is God meeting man in the arena of conscience, down in the depths of personality where man carries on that secret dialogue within himself. I think of conscience as that capacity in man which stings him in wrong decisions and draws him toward that which is good, right and pure. Each of us has a conscience that consults with us in our choices. Each of us has that capacity to distinguish between right and wrong.

Reflections of Ourselves

That the crucifixion of the holy is a possibility in this world is the affirmation of our Christian faith. That you and I so often share in the erection of the cross is another affirmation of our faith. Calvary is not alone an isolated moment in history; it also stands as the revelation of what happens when the holiness of God meets the sinfulness of man.

Here in the quiet of worship, surrounded by the supports and symbols of the faith, we may find it hard to believe that we have this capacity to crucify. The crucifixion of a good and innocent man is a terrible event. No one of us would desire to be a party to such an event. Like Peter, we would affirm, "Lord, I will never deny you." But what happens when we are out in the drift and pressure of the daily round? Here is where the passion bears down upon our lives as it bids us look at Calvary in the light of our own motives and actions. Then we begin to understand ourselves.

Think of the passion drama in its entirety. Here is God meeting man in the realm of conscience. Th full sweep of the scenes of Holy Week reveals variety of persons in a variety of circumstance Jesus, on his way to the cross, comes before on then another. Each is being called to decisio Somewhere we will glimpse our own reflection. L us take a panoramic view of events and close in c selected scenes—scenes of persons caught in th conflict of conscience.

Expediency Becomes Subterfuge

Come to focus, first, on the scene where Jesu stands before the high priest, Caiaphas. This wi fellow was the chief plotter in the crucifixion. H was convinced of one thing—Jesus must die. H manufactured the charges against Jesus, brough pressure on Pilate, stirred up the crowd. As hig priest he was the leading figure in the finest rel gious system the world had yet developed. Ce tainly he was not a man without conscience.

The key to understanding Caiaphas is given his own words. "It is expedient . . . that one ma should die for the people, and that the whole n tion should not perish." Mark the words, "It expedient." Caiaphas is a case study of the e pedient conscience.

Caiaphas was one who exalted the institutio over the claims of God. His self-interest overroo and outvoted his conscience. Here in the encount with the God-man he stands before us stripped his clerical garments. We are allowed a view in his inner motives and ambitions.

The figure of Caiaphas stands forever as a war ing to ministers and church people. His portra reminds us that the church may play a leadi role in crucifying the Son of God. It is so easy f interest in the institution of religion to overri the claims of the Kingdom upon the conscience the church. Concerned for her position in the co munity, the church may find it expedient to drov the Christlike conscience. Ministers may find expedient to preach gentle, innocuous sermo rather than in love to raise the question of Goo judgment upon the community. The words Caiaphas can be recast: "It is expedient that th issue be avoided rather than risk upsetting t institution." Expediency becomes subterfuge a the gospel rests in the stewardship of timid hand

It is a matter of historical record that Chr tianity has often been corrupted into the vile

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rt of clericalism. Too often the church has made liances with the ruling classes of society at the pense of those she ought to serve. There is just ough truth to sting in the dictum of Marx that e church is the opiate of the people. Every minter and churchman is bidden to look closely at sus before Caiaphas, the man with the expedit conscience. Here is Christ confronting the tablished church.

The Price of Appeasement

Now, focus in on another scene, that of Christ efore Pilate. Here is another case study in conience. On the whole, the Gospels give an undertanding picture of Pilate. He was a weak man aught in a bad situation. He had no great love or the restless Jews and no special contention ith Jesus. To him, the whole matter seemed just nother silly dispute among these despicable peole. He had already shed Jewish blood to maintain the peace.

That Pilate tried to save Jesus is the balance f scholarly judgment. The Fourth Gospel outines his verbal duel with the Jewish leaders. He ried many dodges, the promise to punish Jesus, he attempt to turn the problem over to Herod, he attempt to place the case in the hands of the anhedrin, the attempt to set Jesus free. "I see othing in this man deserving of death." But he as no match for the Jews who finally played the rump card. "If you release this man, you are not aesar's friend; every one who makes himself a ing sets himself against Caesar."

This struck home. Pilate's job was to preserve he peace, a most delicate task in the Middle East s we well know. If he should release Jesus, there ight be a riot. It seems he was willing to take his risk until the new threat made up his mind. iberius was a jealous and moody tyrant. To have he Jews bring the charge of treason against him, ilate knew would mean the end of his career. ilate gave in; "Bring me my bowl," he cried.

Here in Pilate we observe the appeasing conscience. His was a slogan of peace at any price, even it if meant a cross. He wanted peace with his superiors and peace with his subjects. We meet he same conscience in our personal and national ife.

During World War II we could have had peace with Hitler at any time. It would have been simple —accept Belsen, Dachau and the Nazi way of doing things. This would have been peace at any price. In our personal lives we meet the same emptation to appease, to have harmonious relations with all even at the cost of our own souls. You can have peace with all men. It's easy; just give in, surrender, be what others want you to be and do what they want you to do. In the dilemma of Pilate, you and I see our own conflict of conscience.

Now, close in on a man who, because of the crucifixion, became a close friend of Pilate—the vulgar tyrant, Herod. This was not his first appearance in the Gospel story. Mark provided an introduction in the story of Salome and the beheading of John the Baptist. Herod was crafty and vulgar. Jesus had called him a fox, a third-rate person. You will recall that Herod had John the Baptist locked up, but his conscience prevented him from killing the prophet. Then in a moment of exultation he made an extravagant promise to Salome in the presence of the court. He would give her whatever she wanted. When she asked for the head of John Herod faltered. But, not wanting to appear the fool before his friends, he cast conscience aside. John was executed.

When Herod came to Jerusalem for the Passover he asked to see Jesus since his curiosity had been aroused. We read that he had a conversation with Jesus. Here was the setting for a conversion. We read ominous words in the account, "Herod was silent." Here was God meeting Herod in the conflict of conscience. Herod weighed the words of Jesus, then expelled conscience. He handed Jesus over to his soldiers who subjected our Lord to indignities. Here is the expelled conscience.

Our age has witnessed the work of men who expelled conscience. Intelligence without conscience has led to monstrosities. We recall the boast of Herman Goering, "I have no conscience." It is reported that the psychiatrists at the war trials found the Nazi leaders sane, but destitute of the normal concepts of right and wrong. One of the Nazis testified, "We shouldn't have killed six million Jews, it turned public opinion against us."

This is a dangerous mentality. We hear it every day. "Do not steal." Why? Because it is wrong? No, because you may get caught. "Do not drop the bomb, there may be retaliation." "Do this or that, or else you'll get in trouble." Quite often issues do not revolve around the matter of right and wrong. The pagan morality of main street is often a terrifying thing. The signs of conscience are absent.

Conscience Expelled, Returns

But conscience though expelled can return in uncanny ways. Pilate's wife warned her husband that she had been much disturbed in a dream about Jesus. Here we observe the haunting conscience, cast out, yet still present, veiled, disguised, disturbing the sleep, upsetting the night of rest.

Shakespeare examines this same experience in his portrait of Richard III. Here is a man who expels conscience.

> Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
> Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
> Our strong arms to be our conscience, swords our law.

But conscience returns to Richard in the dead of night.

> Soft! I did but dream.
> O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!
> The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
> Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

The terror of the darkness comes to the heart of Richard. Conscience expelled, returns. And perhaps in the vague unrest that haunts so many modern lives we but see the shades of Pilate's

wife, the haunting conscience.

Quickly we move to another scene, the soldiers gambling at the foot of the cross. Here we mark the insensitive conscience. An innocent man suffers on the cross while, at his feet, hardened men engage in trivial activity. They are oblivious to the man upon the cross. Only his robe is of interest to them.

Unconcern with Humanity

We mark this same conscience in those who carry on their own little doings without concern for the wider circle of humanity. God meets us in conscience, but often a man's preoccupation makes him insensitive. The world suffers, yet some men find it easy to continue in their own little ways. This is part of the crucifixion. This is Satan's delight—to have a man mind his own business, to be unconcerned about national and international affairs, to read no thoughtful books. This is Satan's counsel. "Mind your own affairs, attend to your own little circle—your home, your work; beyond that, nothing." Seek diversion and entertainment, shun that which provokes thinking. Christ dies, but you just go on about your activity."

Swiftly now we move to the picture of the clamoring crowd. Here is the submerged conscience. We meet this conscience in a day of bigness. Men are swept along with the crowd. Right and wrong become matters of majority opinion. "Come on, let's watch the execution at Golgotha, everyone is going." Aren't we part of this crowd around the cross?

Projected Guilt

Leave the crowd and center in on the main scene. In the final act, three crosses are raised. On the center cross hangs Jesus, on the others, two thieves. Listen to one of them as he rails at Jesus: "Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us." Here we mark the part in crucifixion played by the guilty conscience.

One might think that this criminal would have found some bond of fellowship with Jesus in their common death. Instead, the criminal turns in the direction of the crowd and heaps abuse upon Jesus. This is, for the thief, a way of giving meaning to his own wretched life. Here for the moment he can be one with his fellows, he can forget the misery and failure of his own life in an orgy of malice directed at Jesus. This is the guilty conscience projecting itself out upon another.

The Sinner Confesses

We meet the guilty conscience. In fact, we often find the same sort of release from feelings of guilt and failure. Here is a way of justifying one's own life: forget one's own failures by focussing on the weakness and plight of another. The events on Calvary gave this man a transient moment of virtue, and that is exactly what gossip, malice and slander can do. This is the response of the guilty conscience.

The other criminal presents quite a different response. Listen as he speaks in defense of Jesus: "Do you not fear God, since you are under th same sentence of condemnation? And we indee justly; for we are receiving the due reward of ou deeds; but this man has done nothing wrong. Then turning, he appeals to Jesus. "Remember m when you come in your kingly power." The answe is well known, "Today you will be with me i Paradise."

Here we have the awakened conscience. This i one bright spot in the entire sequence. This ma found the gateway to the Kingdom of God. In moment of insight he accepted himself for what h was, he faced the conviction of his conscience. H did not seek to defend his ego; rather he let hi ego, his pride, his vanity die upon the cross. I the moment of confession he found something ne entering his life. "Today you will be with me i paradise."

So the drama of the passion presses in upon ou lives. God meets man in the conflict of conscienc in the call to decision. Somewhere in that scen we can see the reflection of our own image. Ca not each of us truly say, "It was my kind of co science that put Jesus on the cross, that puts hi there today"? Through this whole chain of even runs the implication that it can and does happe here, not only in Palestine but in LaGrange.

The honest perception of this truth, though reveal the extent of man's alienation from Go can also place him at the gate of the Kingdon "Father, forgive them, for they know not wha they do." These words are uttered for everyon who honestly recognizes himself as a participan in the cross. The path of penitence and confessio is the path to the redeemed conscience.

Easter Day

RISE, Heir of fresh Eternity,
From thy Virgin Tomb:
Rise mighty man of wonders, and thy world wi
thee
Thy Tomb, the universal East,
Nature's new womb,
Thy Tomb, fair immortality's perfumed Nest.

Of all the Glories Make Noon gay
This is the Morn.
This rock buds forth the fountain of the strea
of Day.
In joy's white Annals live this hour,
When life was born,
No cloud scowl on his radiant lids no tempt
low'r.

Life, by this light's Nativity
All creatures have.
Death only by this Day's just Doom is forc't to D
Nor is Death forc't; for may he lie
Thron'd in thy Grave;
Death will on this condition be content to Die.

RICHARD CRASHAW

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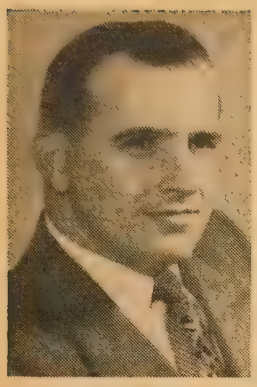

Sing Praises to His Name

By David M. Evans

Serve the Lord with gladness!
Come into his presence with singing!
Psalm 100:2.

MUSIC is a natural in the church, and has a long, sacred association with the Christian faith. Indeed, the role of music in religion goes back beyond the Christian era to Old Testament days. The Book of Psalms merits being called the hymnal of the Bible, for it provided the hymns of Jesus and was often quoted by the New Testament writers when a musical expression seemed appropriate.

Periods of emotional fervor evoked hymns and songs, such as the song of Moses: "I will sing to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously;" and Hannah's song of thanksgiving: "My heart exults in the Lord." The prophet in the Temple heard the seraphims crying to one another: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory."

New Testament Hymns

The New Testament, a rejoicing testimony of the mighty acts of God, overflows with hymns. Mary's joy over the blessed visit of God brought from her lips the Magnificat: "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior." At Jesus' birth the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest"; while the elderly Simeon, assured that he would see the Lord Christ before his death, took the child in his arms and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The Epistle to the Ephesians has inspired many musicians to adapt music to the rhythmic and triumphant cry, "Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead"; while Christian hymnody would have suffered a major loss if John had not imagined the beasts in the Revelation saying both night and day, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty, who was and is and is to come!"

Possibly some of these very outbursts of praise and glory to God led St. Augustine to say: "Do you know what a hymn is? It is singing to the praise of God. If you praise God and do not sing, you utter no hymn. If you sing and praise not God, you utter no hymn. If you praise anything which does not pertain to the praise of God, though in singing you praise, you utter no hymn."

Yes, music is a natural in the church, for at each shrine where we worship, music ministers. In the words of Thomas Carlyle, "Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads one to the edge of the Infinite and compels one to gaze in."

To the church's loss, music is not always approached with the same reverence and awe as are other parts of a service of worship, such as prayer and the scripture lesson. Even the most awkward pray-er and the poorest reader will receive the attention of a congregation, for their worship involves a sense of mystery which produces the devotion of the faithful. On the other hand, the product of the finest musician is often ignored.

Wrong Attitudes

This may be due in part to the fact that some of the music in the church is not particularly sacred. However, the greater error lies with our attitude toward the role of music in worship. Instead of thinking of it as an offering to God, we use it as a cover-up during the offering. One would never approve of persons moving about during a prayer, yet many congregations permit the movement of ushers and the passing of offering plates while the choir sings an anthem. Instead of music's being used as another means of hearing and relating the Word of God, it is often introduced in a service of worship just to offer something different. Or if children are to leave the sanctuary, a hymn is sung to "drown," if you please, some of the confusion. Yet not even the most nonliturgical church would think of having children leave a service during the reading of the scripture lesson. We are guilty of preventing music from ministering to us.

One factor responsible for music's failure to minister "to each according to his need" is found in our attitude toward the choir and organist. Choice of a church is often dependent upon its music. While such a reason for associating oneself with a congregation is evidence of poor churchmanship, it is found among many devout churchmen. We watch and listen to the church musicians in the same manner as that assumed when we attend the opera, concert or dramatic performance, with the result that when the congregation is leaving the service, one may hear such comments as, "My, but this church has a wonderful organist!" and, "Didn't the choir sing well today?" The truth and sincerity of such remarks is not to be questioned, but if performance is what a congregation and church musicians seek, then it is difficult for musicians to minister. The Holy Spirit cannot work through music when people do not think of it as an agent of God's Word.

Appropriate Background

A choirmaster who disapproved of compliments told an admiring worshiper: "It is generous of you to praise us but it is also most disappointing; if you consciously liked our music or our singing of it, then we have fallen far short of our ideal. We worship God through our singing, and as a feature purely incidental to that we try to create for you not something to evoke your admiration but merely an appropriate and inconspicuous background for your attitudes of worship."

Certainly there should be no desire to minimize the quality of performance for we could do that to such a degree that we would neglect to emphasize the importance of preparation and devotion to one's ability and contribution to worship through music. Indeed, one of the crying needs of the church is for organists, choir directors and choir members to think of themselves as ministers and to approach their office as an opportunity to minister on behalf of the gospel. With more emphasis on music as a ministry, there will be less emphasis on the church choir as a glee club.

In their book, *Music and Worship*, Davies and Grace point out an essential difference between a choral society and a church choir. Performances by the former "are limited only by the musical ability of its average members"; the latter must be governed by the fact that its "hearers are not an audience but a gathering of fellow worshipers whose primary interest in the proceedings is not musical." Yes, the purpose of music in the church is to provide an agent of the Lord, to spread the good news and bring men into fellowship with God and man. Music is employed to the glory of God.

DAVID M. EVANS, *pastor of the First Baptist Church in Port Jefferson, L.I., N.Y., delivered this sermon on the day when the local chapter of the American Guild of Organists sponsored an organ recital in his church.*

A further reason for music's failure minister is to be found in the false ociation of certain kinds of church sic with specific types of churches. us the rhythmic, popular hymn is nected with a so-called "happy in Lord" fundamentalism, while the re dignified and reverent hymn is sidered a sign of "cold" liberalism. e former has not made a great con- bution to church music from the sician's viewpoint. Dr. Frank A. ebelein, headmaster of the Stony ook School and himself a musician, s that much music among evan- icals may justly be condemned as eap, vulgar and esthetically false . . . oring more of Hollywood than God. amor has invaded the proclamation the gospel.'" And he asks why we ould continue in "esthetic mediocrity, nply because the third-rate seems to peal to the crowd."

Product of Revivalism

The so-called "gospel hymn," prob- ly containing less of the gospel than e more traditionally great hymns of e church, is a product of the revival riods of Great Britain and America. nfortunately, those who have repudi- ed revivalist methods have retained e music, with the result that many ngregations sing hymns for the rea- n that they know them rather than the value of the hymns. The main teria for selecting a hymn for a serv- of worship is not the rhythm or teliness of its music but its words, message.

The so-called "cold" liberalism must cept blame for offering music beyond e level of the congregation. However ch music is not bad in itself, and e congregation's standard of appre- tion can be raised gradually.

Many congregations sing the same mns Sunday after Sunday because stor and people have failed to explore eir hymnal as well as their Bible. us they have deprived themselves of e wealth of hymns as a spiritual re- urce. John Haynes Holmes points out at a hymn may range from the heav- ly heights to the inner heart. It may ant of time and eternity, as in Isaac atts' "O God, Our Help in Ages st"; or it may deal with simple mat- s of personal dedication, as in Fran- Havergal's "Take My Life and Let Be"—said to have been Gandhi's vorite Christian hymn. It may have its theme "the great traditions of th and hope and love," or it may ve to do with the social gospel of lay. But a hymn is a prayer, and as ch must begin with what the soul nows, and only then reach out to at it dares to dream."

A Protestant Tradition

It is to the credit of Protestantism at the congregation has been per- tted to participate in the praise of d through music. One of the chief ponents of such worship was John sley, whose "Directions to Singers" applicable to the congregation as ll as the choir. Said Wesley:

> Sing all . . . Let not a slight degree of weakness hinder you. If it is a cross to you, take it up, and you will find it a blessing.
>
> Sing lustily and with a good courage.
>
> Beware of singing as if you are half dead, or half asleep, but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor more ashamed of its being heard, than when you sing the songs of Satan.
>
> Sing modestly . . . Strive to unite your voices together so as to make one clear melodious sound.
>
> Sing in time . . . and take care not to sing too slow. This drawling way naturally steals on all who are lazy; and it is high time to drive it from among us, and sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first.
>
> Above all, sing spiritually. Have an eye to God in every word you sing . . . attend strictly to the sense of what you sing, and see that your heart is not carried away with the sun, but offered to God continually.

Yes, music is a ministry. Let the musicians themselves approach it from that perspective, and let the congregation receive it likewise, and we shall witness the sacred music of the church "as a wondrous magic link with God," ministering "to each according to his need."

Do *You* Know?

(Continued from page 19)

impassable fence. He asked again, "Do you know what it is to be a servant?"

III

To see Jesus' act as a symbol of how we should live is certainly more to the point. And this leads us even further. For Jesus was not speaking only to a little group of twelve men. He spoke to all who would follow him in later centuries. He spoke not only of individual actions but of eternal values.

We often hear that Jesus' teachings turned the world upside down. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he showed us that we live in an upside-down world. Jesus slashed at the Pharisees, the very best of the Jewish community. He said, "Blessed are the meek, the hungry, the poor." In Jericho, he turned his back on the leading citizens and stayed with a social outcast, a tax-collector. He held as valued by God those whom the world despises. He showed us that, alongside the truth of God, the values of the world are inverted.

This is what Jesus was telling us as he knelt to wash the disciples' feet. He was saying, "This is obedience to God, not that you become great in the eyes of the world, but that you serve your neighbor." We sacrifice nothing when we serve others because God put us here to serve. When we reach out to our neighbor, we reach out to the highest value of human existence.

Then what does this Last Supper do to our lives—to the family tensions in which members of a family struggle to dominate; to the divided church in which factions seek control; to the national foreign policy based on "enlightened self-interest"; to our own clawing for prestige, for a place in the community? It commands us to kneel, to beg for forgiveness, and to stand rightside up in a world that is upside down.

However, before we come to the Lord's Table we should ponder the next thing Jesus said that evening: "Truly, I say to you, a servant is not greater than his master." Here Jesus seems to be doing even more than rearranging the values of the world. He seems to be saying that a servant and master are alike in the eyes of God, that before God all have the same status.

And is this not true? Neither is servant greater than master, nor master than servant—not in the eyes of the Eternal! All rank is abolished. Before the piercing judgment of Almighty God none can claim preference. Jesus Christ himself is God's standard for us, and all fall far short of his glory. None, be he great or small, master or servant, has any claim on the mercy of God.

Rather, God loves us in spite of what we are, not because of what we are. God reaches out to us in our sin. We are not servants to earn God's favor, to insinuate ourselves in his good graces. Rather, we serve our neighbor because God's gracious love has been given us in Jesus Christ. We can serve precisely because we have no status to maintain, no position to defend.

Many are the stories of Kagawa, the Japanese Christian to whom to be a servant is the Christian life. In the eyes of the world he is great. Perhaps because he is what we know we should be. A few years ago when he visited this country, he spoke to a group of ministers in San Francisco. Later, all stopped in the washroom before lunch. As they left, Kagawa apologized and returned to the washroom. He was not well, so one of the ministers looked into the washroom to see that he was all right. There was the honored and beloved Kagawa kneeling painfully on the floor, picking up the paper towels that had been carelessly thrown there. He had no position to maintain. All had been given him by God.

So we come to the table of Jesus, who "humbled himself, taking the form of a servant." We come with nothing that can pay for the love given us here. We come to him who asks, "Do you know what I have done to you?"

•

MEDITATION is done in silence. By it we renounce our narrow individuality, and expatiate into that which is infinite. Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret hiding God. The strength of resolve which afterwards shapes life, and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments. There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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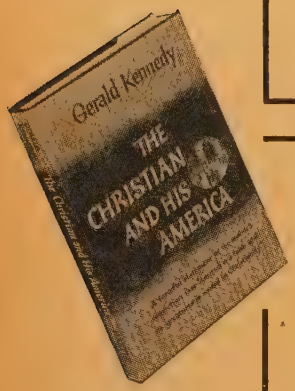

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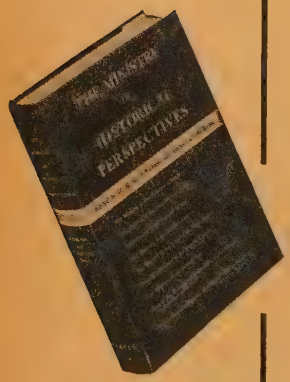

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Easter Confession

By E. L. Allen

King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Romans 10:9.

N the course of centuries, numerous statements of the Christian faith ıve seen the light, some of them uched in traditional language and ming down to us from the formative ıys of theology, others expressing the w insights and convictions of the Rermation. Take, for example, the thanasian Creed. This is so extremely fficult to understand today that we e left wondering how anyone could nsent to stray so far from the simplities of the gospel. Fortunately for us l, the earliest church was not handipped in this way. Its confession of ith was the briefest and most vital nown to history: three words in Engsh and two only in Greek. "Jesus is ord" was the first Christian creed, nd with this battle cry on their lips the rst missionaries advanced to the conuest of paganism and the liberation the Mediterranean world.

A Pledge of Devotion

To call a person "Lord" in those ays was to pledge to him utter loyalty. he slave addressed his master so, and ıe subject his emperor. It was an cknowledgment of ownership. The orshiper used the same term for the od whom he revered, and in whom he ut his trust for deliverance from the s of life and the final calamity of eath. When, therefore, men confessed esus as Lord, they put him in the ghest place to which their minds uld reach and declared that they were s, body and soul.

Discipleship Meets Trials

Of course, such a confession was not statement of fact; it was rather a eclaration of what ought to be. Jesus as Lord by inherent right, though not in the same overt sense as the emeror. He himself had contrasted his vn style of rule with that of kings and reat ones of the earth, saying that hile they sought to bend others to eir service, he came to hold himself the service of others. The claim of esus is upon our hearts by his love, pon our consciences by his purity, and pon our wills by the Kingdom he calls to serve. His authority lies in the ct that we were all born for God, and s mission is to bring us to him.

He does not impose himself on us, ut waits on our consent. He does not ush us to submission, but wins our glad loyalty. Though men shut their hearts against him, he is still Lord. His Kingdom is built of the most durable, yet simplest, material: faithful souls. He has no means of forcing himself on men against their will. But that is why he will outlast all rivals, for men will choose his Kingdom when they are weary of every alternative.

Let me illustrate from World War II. When the Germans landed in Norway, the true man did not calculate the chances of a German victory as against the return of King Haakon. Instead, he said: "He is my king and I stand by him, whatever happens." So the vicissitudes to which the Christian cause is exposed should not affect our discipleship in the least. Jesus is our Lord and we are his people, so we stand by him whatever happens.

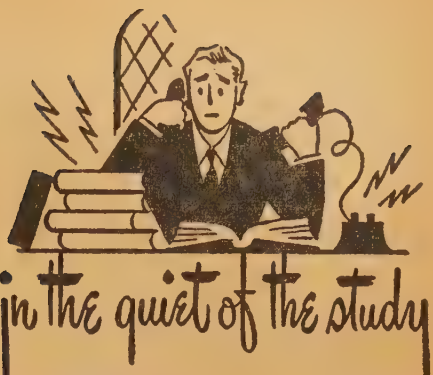
Resurrection Belongs to Present

We come now to the second article of this earliest Christian creed: "To believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead." That means to accept as true the stories of the tomb, found empty on the third day, and the appearances of the Lord to his disciples. This letter was written to people who were not eye witnesses of the resurrection, and had therefore to take it on trust from those who were. For most of us today the statement that God raised Jesus from the dead represents something that happened centuries ago and to which we ourselves do not have access.

However common that assumption may be, I am sure it is quite mistaken. For the resurrection of Christ belongs not to the past but the present. It means that he is with us still, a living and gracious presence. Death may be the end of other lives; it was not the end of his. He has not just left behind his memory, his teaching and his example; he himself is with us to the end of time. When in eastern Europe Christian turns to Christian with the Easter greeting, what he says is not "Christ rose," as of the past, but "Christ is risen," as of the present. The central mystery of the Christian faith, and the rock on which all rests, is that Christ is not dead but alive and at our side today.

Divine Image

Once at an international Christian gathering a Negro speaker said: "My



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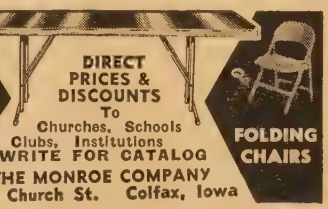

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people have had no gift for speculation We have not lived in the clouds, bu on the hard road of life, which for u has been full of thorns and jagge rocks. What the Negro race has longe for is a road companion who bears th image of the divine." That is what i means to believe that God has raise Jesus Christ from the dead: to g through life with a road companion wh bears the image of the divine.

Some years ago I was a member of team taking part in an evangelisti campaign in one of our great industria centers. We were allowed to go to factory canteen to address the worker during their lunch-hour break. One o our number spoke to them on leader ship. He contrasted Christ who serve men with those false leaders of our da who want to use men for their ow purposes. When he had finished, one o the men objected: "What you say i true enough, but the difficulty is tha men like Hitler and Stalin are ver much alive, while Jesus is dead."

Do you perhaps feel like that? D you say to me: "If you would demon strate to me that Jesus is alive, I shoul be prepared to follow him"? Then must answer that such is not the wa things work. Rather, as you follow hi in dedication, giving him honest an faithful service, you will find that h is not in the past, but at your side.

Where two or three are gathere together in his name, he is in the midst and where one heart turns to him i reverence, he is there. When we crow him in our hearts as Lord and giv our lives to him, we shall know beyon question that he is no mere hallowe memory out of the past; but he is wit us still in the light of truth, the warmt of love and the joy of life eternal.

•

THE chief source of the power of th political machine is the default o democratic mechanisms *within* th party. It is *not* the natural corruptio of politicians. Nor is it the failure o the voters to attend to their respons bilities *in elections.* It is the complet collapse of membership participatio in party responsibility between cam paigns. Political machines are mor open to corruption than many aggre gations of power because they have de veloped in response to the abdication o power by those who ought to be han dling it.—*William Muehl,* Politics fo Christians *(New York: Associatio Press).**

THE best Christian thought ha never been willing to exclude an area of life from the formulations o theology. Augustine, Aquinas, Luthe and Calvin all related the demands o the Christian faith to both the theor and practice of politics. If what the have to say on these subjects seems re mote from what we know as politi today, this reflects the changes in th political process even more than an change in the relevance of theology.— *William Muehl,* Politics for Christian *(New York: Association Press).**

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Books Preachers Are Reading

ɜUS CHRIST THE RISEN LORD. *By Floyd V. Filson. Abingdon, $4.00.*

ɪE LIFE OF JESUS. *By Edgar J. Goodspeed. Harper, $1.25.*

ARK'S WITNESS TO JESUS CHRIST. *By Eduard V. Lohse. Association Press, $1.25.*

D JESUS RISE FROM THE DEAD? *By James Martin. Association Press, $1.25.*

ɜUS AND HIS PEOPLE. *By Paul Minear. Association Press, $1.25.*

ENT is a time of discipline: surely d that is the element in the tradinal fasting which carries through en where fasts are no longer observed. heightened devotional life is one kind such discipline. Specific study is aner. And what more appropriate subct of study this year than the life and eaning of Jesus Christ?

Dr. Filson has written an "essay in blical theology" which gives us an ıster theology for every day. The ok is a consideration of the whole reer and significance of Jesus Christ th the resurrection as context and iterion. Because the resurrection is e chief principle of interpretation and ain analytic instrument, the theology ays radiant and the "essay" remains spel.

The older book by Dr. Goodspeed, w reprinted in Harper's elegant big rchlight paper-back series, is much ss the biblical theology, much more e straight life it claims to be. Here liberal scholar writes the beautiful ory with style and beauty, putting his ormous erudition at the service of the lling but keeping it always in check simplicity and clarity. Others may ant to say more about Jesus. It is a eat advantage to have Dr. Goodeed's solid, multibraced word that no ed need be taken of those who claim at less must be said.

Association Press continues its ndy, helpful World Christian Book ries under the editorship of Stephen eill. In that series at least four titles ould be looked into in connection ith study concentrating on Jesus hrist. The books on Mark and John e first-rate exposito-exegetical analses of the two Gospels. Dr. Lohse's udy of Mark is closer, denser—there some sign that Editor Neill might ven have been a little nervous about w close and dense it is! One thing re: there is edification in it for layan or minister. So is there in Dr. ppleton's study of John—plus a posble sermon series for Lent on the eat symbols for Christ elaborated in is Gospel: Christ is Life, Christ is ght, The Good Shepherd, Lord of eath, Risen Lord, Savior of the orld.

The usefulness of James Martin's amination of the evidence for the factualness of the resurrection is obvious in Lent. This is detailed detective work that will be appreciated by all, though it may be weighted differently by different judges. The treatment is highly homiletical, as it should be from a Scottish preacher. The argument floats light and high on a swift stream of story, illustration, quotation, picture and anecdote.

No matter how many more books are to come in this series, none is apt to stand longer than Paul Minear's book on the church. Like everything Dr. Minear has written, this work is hard to get around. He always has his biblical facts so in hand and their clear sense so in mind that I for one find myself beginning where he shows me I should, and coming out where he knew I would! And counting myself blessed in his guidance. This book, by the way, is as timely as timeless. Reference to it will always be good, but never better than this year while we prepare for the North American Faith and Order Conference on "The Nature of the Unity We Seek." Dr. Minear is study secretary—or whatever you call the chief stirrer, stimulator, sensitizer, agitant—for that conference. T.A.G.

FAITH HEALING AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. *By Wade H. Boggs, Jr. John Knox Press, 216 pages, $3.50.*

WHAT minister has not been asked, "What do you think of Oral Roberts?" This book will not give all the answers but it gives many. More important, it digs into the whole question of health and its relation to the Christian faith.

The author attempts to answer four leading questions. First, do the faith healers really heal? Wade Boggs believes that "a small number of the faith healing cures are genuine and permanent." But he points out that there are few, if any, statistical follow ups on the "cures" of the faith healers and therefore no one knows how lasting are these cures. Again, no testimony meetings are held for those who sought the faith healers but were not healed.

Do the faith healers perform miracles? The answer to this second question involves a consideration of the "natural" and the "supernatural." At the risk of oversimplifying the author's answer, it might be said that only God performs the miracle. Through medicine or prayer, man may help bring about the miracle of God's healing. "The Bible," says Boggs, "gives God equal credit for those cures which came with and those which came without the help of doctors or medicine."

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is not necessarily available to all—ev those of great faith. Jesus "never taug that one of the purposes for which was dying was to save people from d ease." Here the author gives so thought-provoking insights into t Christian interpretation of suffering.

Last but not least is the practic question, What should the church about healing? The church, says Bog must use prayer, faith and actio Prayer must not be used as magic, as so often the implication of the fai healers. The reader may wish that t book were more specific concerning t relationship between faith and health.

The minister who reads this book w find himself richer in knowledge co cerning the sick and will be better pr pared to answer their questions. H may even find some good preachi material here.—*Gary Bousman, Pl mouth Congregational Church, Farg N. D.*

THE CORE OF THE BIBLE. *By Aust Farrer. Harper Torch-books, 1 ages, $.95.*

THE age of digests and condens tions has produced many sho Bibles, most of them reproducing t beauties of Elizabethan English as Psalm 23 and 1 Corinthians 13. Aust Farrer's distillation differs. His purpo is to convey the heart of the message the whole plan of God revealed in t Old and New Testaments. For thi Genesis, Exodus, the Psalms, Isaia the writings of Luke, the letters to t Galatians and Corinthians, are mo

Pulpit Calendar

Apr. 7—Passion Sunday.
Apr. 14—Palm Sunday.
Apr. 14-20—Holy Week.
Apr. 18—Maundy Thursday.
Apr. 19—Good Friday.
Apr. 21—Easter
Apr. 28—Christian Higher Education Sunday.
May 5—2nd Sunday after Easter.
May 6-12—National Family Week.
May 12—Festival of the Christian Home (Mother's Day).
May 19—4th Sunday after Easter.
May 26—Rural Life Sunday
May 30—Ascension Day. Memorial Day. Day of Prayer for Missions.
June 2—Sunday after Ascension Day.
June 9—Whitsunday (Pentecost). Children's Day.
June 16—Trinity Sunday.
June 23—2nd Sunday after Pentecost.
June 30—Independence Sunday. Nature Sunday.

(Pulpit Calendar lists dates in the calendar of the Christian year and other observances of national or religious significance.)

ɔrtant. This little book sees the plot
ıe Bible to revolve around questions
ıw and love, but it does not strait-
et these concerns in its selections.
lt groups preparing for church
ıbership usually meet for too brief
ne-span to explore the Scriptures in
il; this paper-bound book com-
ds itself to them.—*Martin E.*
ty.

: CHRISTIAN YEAR. *By Edward T.*
orn III. Muhlenberg, 243 pages,
5.

HURCHES with liturgical tradi-
tions will find Dr. Horn's book a
ıable guide to the practical details
/orship. Those with less historic in-
st in the church year will be tantal-
by it to live by the calendar more
ı before. Most of the book discusses
propers for the seasons and days
ch become more understandable af-
the earlier chapters which discuss
history of the church year, its unity,
relation to the revelation of God in
e and history. Customs which might
practiced in many churches and
ıes (e.g. the use of the advent
ath) appear alongside discussions
he profound mysteries of the liturgy.
Martin E. Marty.

E CHRISTIAN AND HIS AMERICA. *By*
Gerald Kennedy. Harper, 175 pages,
00.

WE expect to hear much of this book in the sermons and speeches others, for Bishop Kennedy tells re-table stories well. But often his il-trations not only illumine a point, y carry it away, making it difficult ollow his point which is that Ameri-is a faith and its greatness is rooted Christianity. After the preface he s little to develop this theme in any ect fashion. Page by page, however, realization grows upon the reader t Bishop Kennedy is awed by the erican experience, but not too awed criticize with intent to improve.
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Love is rejoicing over the existence of the beloved one;
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it is longing for his presence when he is absent;
it is happiness in the thought of him;
it is profound satisfaction over everything that makes him great and glorious.
Love is gratitude;
it is thankfulness for the existence of the beloved;
it is the happy acceptance of everything that he gives
without the jealous feeling that the self ought to be able to do as much;
it is gratitude that does not seek equality;
it is wonder over the other's gift of himself in companionship.
Love is reverence;
it keeps its distance even as it draws near;
it does not seek to absorb the other in the self or want to be absorbed by it;
it rejoices in the otherness of the other;
it desires the beloved to be what he is
and does not seek to refashion him into a replica of the self
or to make him a means to the self's advancement.
As reverence love is and seeks knowledge of the other
not by way of curiosity nor for the sake of gaining power
but in rejoicing and in wonder.
In all such love there is an element of that "holy fear"
which is not a form of flight
but rather deep respect for the otherness of the beloved
and the profound unwillingness to violate his integrity.
Love is loyalty;
it is the willingness to let the self be destroyed
rather than that the other cease to be;
it is the commitment of the self by self-binding will to make the other great.
It is loyalty too, to the other's cause—to his loyalty.
As there is no patriotism where only the country is loved
and not the country's cause—
that for the sake of which the nation exists—
so there is no love of God where God's cause is not loved,
that which God loves and to which he has bound himself in sovereign freedom.

—*H. Richard Niebuhr,* The Purpose of the Church and Its Ministry *(New York: Harper, 1956), pages 35-36. Used by permission.*

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